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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



WILLIAM TERRISS, ACTOR.

OBIT DEC. 16, 1897; ÆTAT. 48.

THE ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM TERRISS.

For a great many years William Terriss had been attacked by assassins in numberless melodramas, but had always survived the most thrilling dangers, so as to appear in the full light of fortune, health, and happiness in the last act. But for once there was no last act, for Mr. Terriss

succumbed to the first blow of the assassin's knife, which struck him down on Thursday evening, and thrilled London with horror, nay, even the whole country was startled as it has been with no crime of the kind since Burke and Cavendish fell in the Phoenix Park.

Shortly after seven o'clock on Thursday evening Mr. Terriss went down to the Adelphi Theatre to appear as Captain Thorne in Mr. Gillette's striking play, "Secret Service." He was just about to open the private door to his dressing-room in Maiden Lane, which runs parallel to the Strand, when a man stepped across the narrow street and stabbed Mr. Terriss twice in the back, and then (when Mr. Terriss turned half round, with the exclamation "Oh, my God, I'm stabbed!") in the breast. There were only a few people in the street at the time, but the

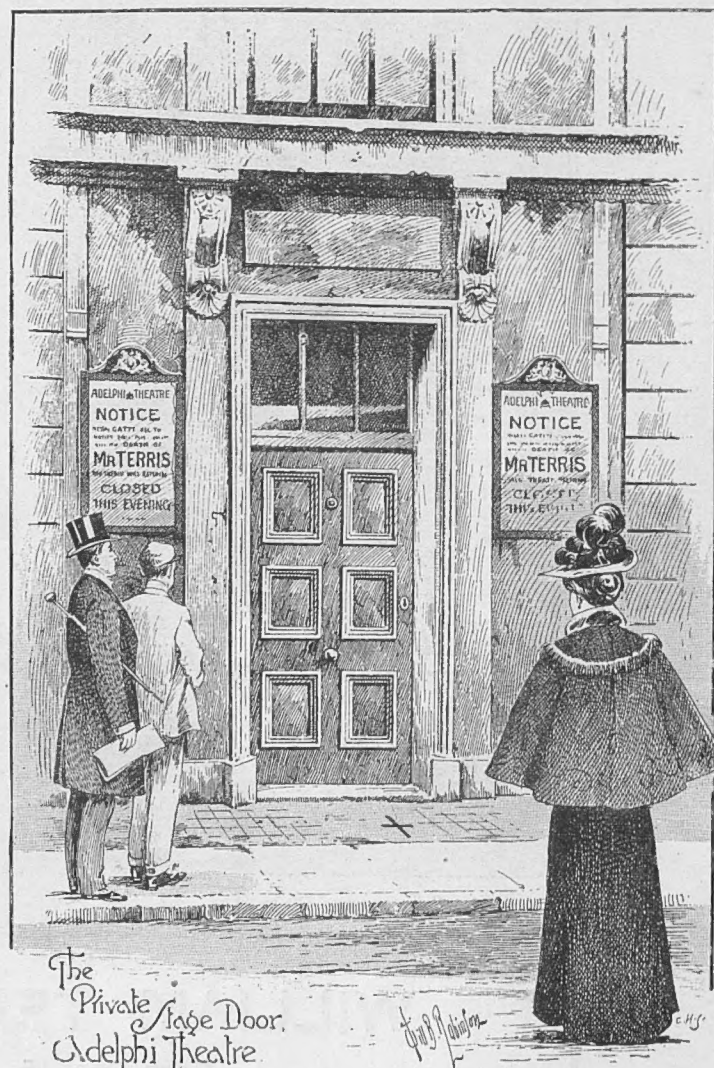
assassin was at once arrested and taken to Bow Street, where he turned out to be Richard Arthur Prince, described as an "actor," who had once been employed at the Adelphi in "In the Ranks" as a "super." He had often applied for relief to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and only on the morning of the murder had been refused. This he mistakenly believed was due to Mr. Terriss. So he hungered to be revenged; hence his loitering in Maiden Lane; hence his foul murder of London's most popular hero in melodrama.

It is only proper, considering the melancholy circumstances of the case, to speak of the man before the actor, and in his private capacity, William Terriss—his real name was Lewin, his father was a barrister, his mother being a niece of Grote, the historian, and he was born in London in 1849—had hosts of friends, and he deserved no enemies. He was bluff, but hearty, staunch in his friendships, and his adventurous career had made him a wise counsellor. He was reserved, inasmuch as he never cultivated a large circle of acquaintances or courted public applause by after-dinner speeches or other means of thrusting himself forward. He relied upon his work in the theatre for his popularity, and, although he was discriminating, he had "a heart as open as the day to melting charity." Alas! to think that that true heart has been pierced by the murderer's knife! But, terrible as his death was, I am convinced that, if he had the power to think after the fatal blow was struck, he must have rebelled that he had not had a chance to defend himself, for he was a brave man, and it seems, indeed, like the work of Fate that he should have died by the hand of a coward against whom he could not lift a finger in his own defence. In his younger days he endured many hardships. He was shipwrecked twice, and he had some rough years as a tea-planter in Chittagong, a sheep-farmer in the Falkland Islands, and a horse-breeder in Kentucky.

As an actor, he won for himself a high place, thanks to his natural gifts—a musical and manly voice, an open, expressive, and handsome countenance, and a lithe, graceful figure, which he retained to the last—and that place will not be easily filled. For, to his natural advantages, he added an excellent experience of the stage, and, seeing that he did not undergo the privations incidental to the career of the young provincial player of the old stock companies, one that was unique. It is true that his first essay on the theatrie boards was made at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, under the late James Rodgers, at the not very munificent sum of eighteen shillings a-week; but he did not remain very long in this position. The story of the persistence with which he pursued the Bancroft management until he obtained an engagement at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre—where, in September 1868, he played Lord Cloudways in "Society," thus making his first appearance on the London stage—has been often told. It was after this that he turned sheep-farmer, and, after narrowly escaping with his life, he returned to London, this time to Drury Lane, where he played Robin Hood in Halliday's "Rebecca." But he once more abandoned the stage, for horse-breeding in Kentucky, but was not successful in this pursuit, so he came back to England again, and, obtaining an engagement at the Strand Theatre, made a success as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." From this time he became intimately associated with the stage, and, at Drury Lane, he made his

mark as Sir Kenneth in "Richard Cœur de Lion," Romeo, and Captain Molyneux in "The Shaughraun," and, with Miss Neilson as Rosalind, he acted Orlando at the Haymarket Theatre. His first great success, however, was made at the Court Theatre in the production, on March 30, 1878, by Mr. John Hare, of "Olivia," in which he played Squire Thornhill, a romantic character needing the touch of vigour which was inherent to him. For the last seventeen years he was associated with the Lyceum and Adelphi Theatres, and, in reference to statements made by writers who are evidently too young to remember Mr. Terriss in his first connection with the Lyceum, it is only fair to state that, invaluable as he was in Adelphi melodrama, he was seen to distinct advantage in many of the productions at the former theatre, where he played, for the first time, on Sept. 18, 1880, with marked success, as M. de Château Renaud in "The Corsican Brothers," my first personal recollection of him. In Tennyson's drama, "The Cup," he acted Sinnatus, and in the revival of "The Belle's Stratagem" he appeared as Flutter. He made a "hit" by his rendering of Cassio in "Othello," in May 1881, and in the famous revival of "Romeo and Juliet," March 8, 1882, he proved of immense service by his impersonation of Mercutio. But his great success at the Lyceum was made in October of the same year when he acted Don Pedro to the Benedick of Henry Irving and the Beatrice of Ellen Terry. Nor should it be forgotten that when he acted Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum in 1884, he gave a performance which was immensely popular, and not only so, for it pleased the critical few while delighting the people.

His connection with the Adelphi dates from 1885, when his buoyant style and handsome presence enabled him to present the sailor hero of "Harbour Lights" with such remarkable success that the drama had a long run and his name was firmly established in the history of this theatre. Needless to say that in the pieces which followed, "The Bells of Haslemere" and "The Union Jack," he played the hero, further establishing himself in the hearts of the people. After a revival of "Harbour Lights" in 1889, he returned to the Lyceum, where he gave a fine performance of Hayston of Bucklaw in "Ravenswood." His principal successes at the Lyceum during this engagement were made in "Becket," on Feb. 6, 1893, and, subsequently, as the King in "Henry VIII." In both of these plays he made a splendid foil to the "chief," his bluff acting as Henry II. in the former piece being a capital contrast to Henry Irving's portrayal of the monk, and his burly, blustering King in the Shaksperian production was a worthy companion-picture to his Henry II. and of great help to the play. Since that period, he had been the hero of all the Adelphi dramas, such as "The Fatal Card," in which he returned to Messrs. Gatti's playhouse, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Swordsman's Daughter," "One of the Best," and "In the



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MR. TERRISS AS ROMEO.

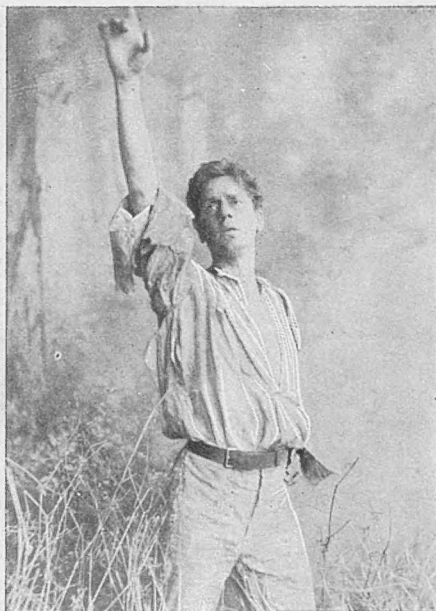
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

MR. TERRISS IN SOME OF HIS CHARACTERS.



AS FRANK VILLARS IN
"BOYS TOGETHER."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



AS FRANK BERESFORD IN "THE BELLS
OF HASLEMERE."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



AS CAPTAIN AYLMER IN "IN THE DAYS
OF THE DUKE."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



AS DON PEDRO IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT
NOTHING."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



AS LIEUTENANT KINGSLEY IN "HARBOUR
LIGHTS."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



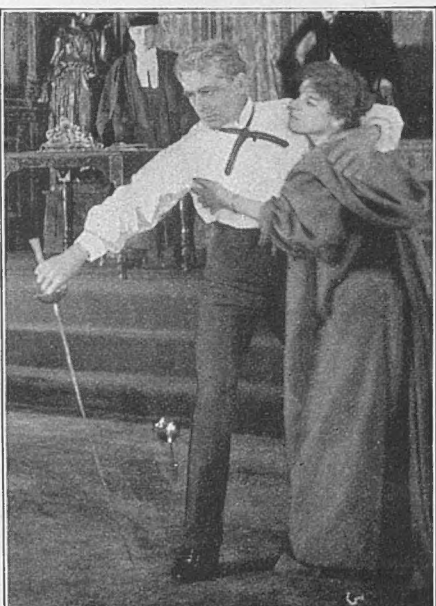
AS HAYSTON OF BUCKLAW IN
"RAVENSWOOD."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



AS LIEUTENANT KEPPEL IN "ONE OF
THE BEST."

Photo by Dickens, Sloane Street, W.



AS THE FENCING-MASTER IN "THE
SWORDSMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



AS THE COMTE DE CANDALE IN "A MARRIAGE
OF CONVENIENCE."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

Christmas is upon us and the boys are home from school. The Court Circular itself takes note of the fact, for I read that—

His Highness Prince Alexander of Battenberg, accompanied by Mr. Tufnell, arrived at the Castle [Windsor] from Mr. Rawnsley's school at Park Hill, near Lyndhurst, for his holidays.

By the way, the *Public School Magazine* has just appeared. It apparently means to embrace all the public schools, and opens with an account of Harrow, and gives an article on statesmen who have been at Eton. Who is this magazine intended for? I think that the extension of journalism of this kind lies in the direction of a magazine for each school, which is a little empire independent of its neighbours.

The blood-stock sales at Newmarket have put a good deal of money into circulation. Thus Mr. John Barker paid 2500 guineas for Mr. R. Lebaudy's Sweet Adare, whose picture I give here.

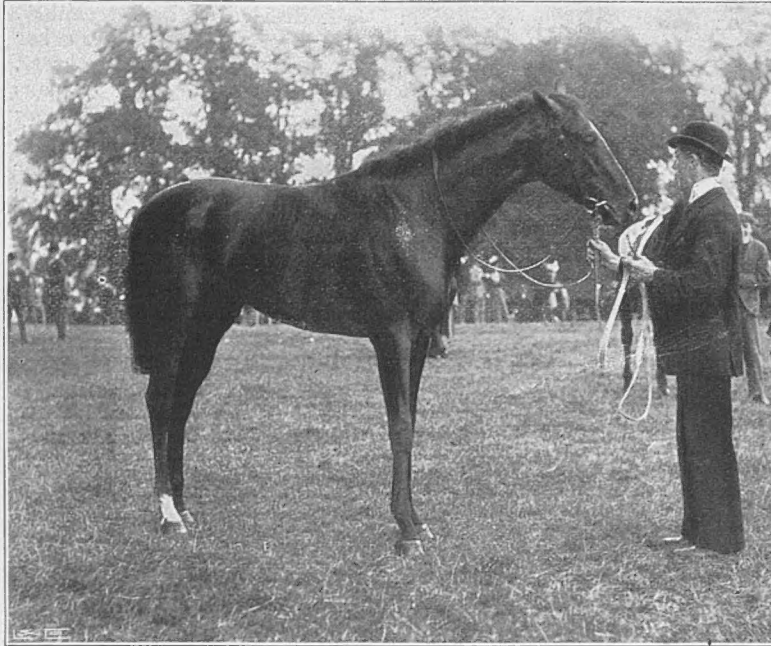
Since Prince Djalma and Mdle. Adrienne, two of the ill-starred victims of the Jesuits in Sue's "Wandering Jew," loved so fondly, I do not recall the union of an Indian prince with a white lady—at any rate, not a lady who was a member of England's aristocracy. These remarks are induced by the announcement of Prince Duleep Singh's engagement to Lady Anne Coventry, Lord Coventry's youngest daughter. I am led to understand that royalty is pleased to regard it in a favourable light, as a union of the scions of two loyal races. It should be remembered, in view of some of the remarks that have been made, that the Prince's father, the well-known Duleep Singh of a former generation, embraced Christianity when he came to England to live on his pension of fifty thousand pounds per annum, and that he married a Christian wife.

Our National Gallery has earned for itself a reputation for parsimony in one way and another for many a long year. Its means have not

permitted such alterations and additions as to various considerable authorities have seemed desirable and even necessary, both as regards the building and its contents. Masterpiece after masterpiece that should have been secured for the national collection of the richest country in the world has been allowed to find its way into private hands or into the galleries of other Governments. Suggestions to render more noble and harmonious the somewhat mean-looking façade of the building that fronts on the "finest site in Europe" have been systematically neglected. Proposals for the extension of the galleries have been put aside—all, it is said, in consequence of the objections of the spending department of the nation to any outlay on matters artistic.

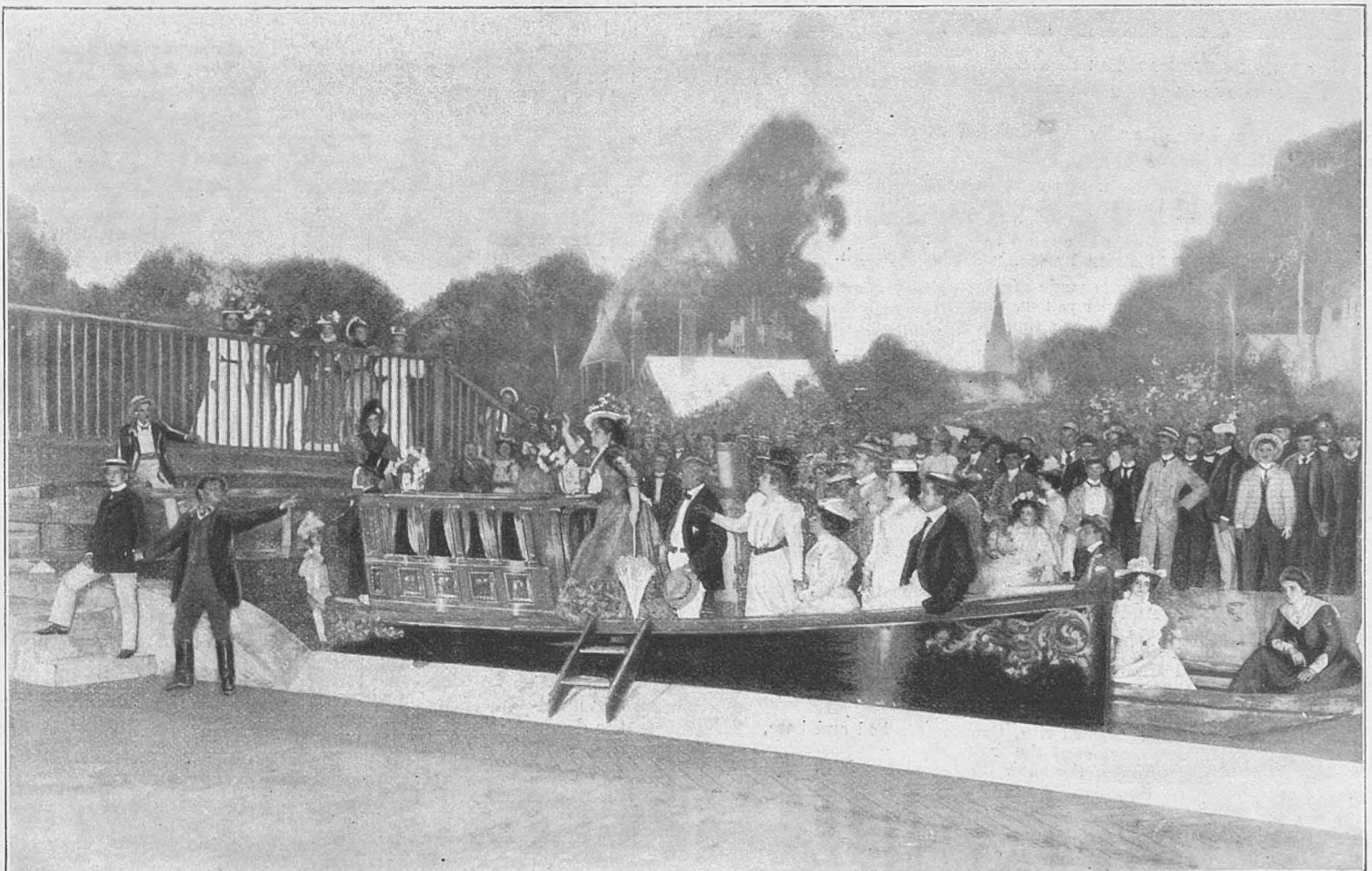
All this I knew, but till the other day I had no notion how these economies were carried even into the smallest details of the National Gallery's official existence. Then I was shown a lithographed letter, dated a week or two ago, which was signed "Charles L. Eastlake, Secretary and Keeper." Now Sir Charles Eastlake, as all the world—or, at any rate, all the artistic world—knows, did not die a month or two since; then, perhaps, there might be some excuse for using up "old stock"; no, Sir Charles departed this life in 1865, so that the authorities have had just two-and-thirty years to get new paper printed, and that is surely ample time even for the National Gallery to win a tardy consent to such an extravagance from a penurious Government.

In your interesting Military Supplement (writes a correspondent), perhaps some of your readers noticed the peculiar collar worn by the drummer of the 3rd Hussars. It may be interesting to give one or two particulars concerning it. The collar is of silver, "engraved with military devices," and was presented to the regiment, to be worn by its kettle-drummers, in 1772, the donor being the wife of Colonel Fitzroy. Being massive and broad, it is not exactly comfortable; but the regiment to a man is proud of it, for it is one of those regimental distinctions which appeal so much to the imagination of the soldier. The drums were captured either at Auhgrim or Dettingen, but at which battle is uncertain.



THIS HORSE COST 2500 GUINEAS.

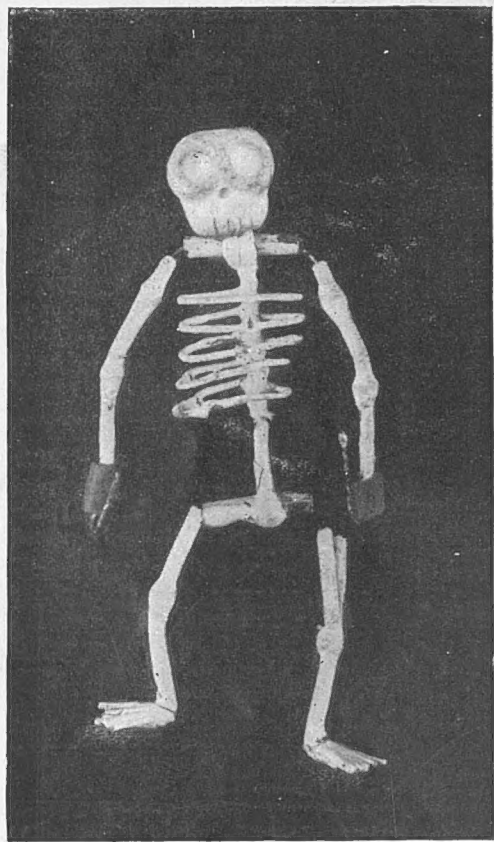
Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Bouverie Street, E.C.



"THE WHITE HEATHER," AS STAGED IN NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

A Society for the Importation of Song-birds is one of the latest items from America. Eighty birds have been received from Germany, chiefly meadow-larks, bullfinches, and thrushes, and these, after being confined for a short time in an aviary to make them attached to the locality and accustomed to the climate, were set loose at Mill Valley. The birds hovered about the aviary for a few days, as if afraid to leave it, then mated, settled down, built nests, and raised broods. The happy valley is now full of bird-melody, "poured out in such entrancing volume and brilliancy as to charm the listener," and the society announces its intention to go on importing "until the woods are crowded."

In view of the immense progress made by Russia in Asia, this paragraph, which recently appeared in the *Turkestan Gazette*, the official organ in Transcaspia, is a little surprising: "Instead of the usual double-page issue, our to-day's number, as our readers will be surprised to find, is printed upon a single sheet, with a small supplement upon ordinary letter-paper. The reason of this is that our stock of paper is exhausted, pending the arrival of a new supply ordered and despatched from Moscow six months ago. We shall probably have exhausted the available local stock of writing-paper before our own consignment of printing-paper arrives, and the publication of the *Gazette* must then perforce be suspended."



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

so that we now have literally the skeleton at the feast. I always look on Tom Smith as Pandora up to date—

The Greek was right to speak of Fate;
Pandora's box is not the myth
That doubters have declared of late;
Pandora's box is up to date;
'Tis sent by Mr. "Cracker" Smith.

Her box is made of glaring gilt,
Or paper yellow, pink, or red
Pandora, whom the poets lilt,
Can either send you joy, or tilt
The heart that tears her box ashred.

She came to me in diverse hues,
Eager to see what luck she hid,
To learn what spell she sought to use,
Whether to grieve me, or amuse,
I wrenched aside the dainty lid.

'Twas tissue, blue as summer sky,
Tasselled with fleecy silver cloud.
Christmas and life reborn was nigh,
I little dreamt that man must die—
The gaud was yet his ghostly shroud.

End parts from end with crackling spite,
And all the company confer
To see the hidden, mystic sight.
A skeleton severely white
Lies in the silvered sepulchre.

The eyeless sockets grimly stare
On mistletoe and festival;
The whitened ribs, though bleached and bare,
Are careless of the frosty air
And of the snow (that ought to fall).

Oh, Mr. Smith, that wert my friend,
You preach a moral like a priest!
For at a season that should lend
A joyous thrill to life, you send
A skeleton to grace my feast.

If you want to know what books of the season to buy you should get either the Christmas Numbers of the *Bookseller* (280 pages), the *Publisher's Circular* (263 pages), the *Books of To-Day*, edited by Arthur Pen-densys for Hatchards (140 pages), the *Scribner's Book-Buyer* (228 pages), or the *New York Bookman* (208 pages).

Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. have sent me a selection of their Christmas crackers, which display the usual invention. Their most interesting departure this year is, perhaps, in the direction of crackers for table decoration. By the way, the most up-to-date cracker of the lot is one called the "X Ray." In these crackers you will find models of skeletons, and so on,

Miss M. Arrowsmith, though certainly not the first woman to visit the new Eldorado in the north-west corner of Canada, will not be very far behind her sisters, for she proposes to reach Dawson City in March or the beginning of April, and be ready to join in the general rush as soon as a move for the Klondyke goldfields begins. Miss Arrowsmith is a member of a "North Countree" family, and the intense love of her race for sport and adventure seizing her, when first she heard of Klondyke she decided to depart thither. However, no one can accuse her of foolhardiness or undue haste, for she has laid all her plans with the utmost care, made every inquiry, obtained all possible information, and spent some time studying placer-mining in order that she may be able to "work her own claim." It is her intention to remain there for at least three years, in which time she hopes to be able to secure "a pile" large enough to provide her with a modest competency for the rest of her days, which she intends to spend in travel. She is going out to work, for "she can bake and she can brew, wash a shirt and make it too"; and she is a talented singer, actress, and reciter, and hopes to help to while away the leisure hours of the miners and introduce more social life into the community. She has already written much for magazines and published one or two novels, and has now made special arrangements to correspond with papers both here and in New York, as well as for the publishing of her daily experiences in book form, and, as she dislikes a humdrum life, she looks forward to her years to be spent in this frozen land with keen pleasure, for she is a good shot, a capital horsewoman, can boat, drive, and swim—indeed, she expects her next three years to be "the best of her life," for she is apparently well suited to the life she has chosen.



MISS ARROWSMITH.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

The railway line across Newfoundland has been completed and was formally opened the other day. It is anticipated that it will be of use in shortening the sea-passage from England to Canada, and *vice versa*; but this seems doubtful, as it is scarcely worth while to cross Newfoundland and take ship again now that steamers travel almost as fast as railway-trains. The new railway traverses the island from Port-aux-Basques on the west to St. John's on the east coast, a distance of 550 miles. It will undoubtedly open up a good deal of the interior of the country, and enable the immense mineral wealth to be utilised. Powerful steamers are being built to continue the service between Newfoundland and Canada; indeed, one has already arrived from Glasgow, and is said to be able to travel twenty knots an hour.

The costume with which Mrs. Harris carried off the first prize at the second Covent Garden Ball was the work of Mr. William Clarkson. She wore a white wig, with a butterfly ornament in different shades of painted silk and different coloured spangles. The body of the dress and skirt was black silk ground, with butterfly colouring, hand-painted, and the dress spangled all over with gold, black, and coloured butterflies, as if they had "settled" on the dress. The butterflies were made in gold wire-work and coloured stones. The wings were hand-painted silk on wire fitting into sockets in the bodice. Her fan was made to represent a butterfly.



MRS. HARRIS'S FIRST PRIZE COSTUME AT THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

As widespread interest is felt in London playgoing circles in the débuts of foreign performers possessing real talent, I should like to point out that that admirable elocutionist, Mr. Allen Beaumont, has lately had under his tuition an accomplished Polish actress, Madame Gabryela Morska-Poplawska, who, after the fashion of the late Madame Trebelli-Bettini, calls herself professionally Madame Morska *tout court*. She is a native of "the fair land of Poland," first came out as a distinguished amateur at Warsaw, and since then has won success in a variety of rôles, light and emotional, to which Polonius's famous classification is almost applicable. Barbara, an *ingénue* part in "Pan Michael," adapted from one of Sienkiewicz's historical novels; Lena, in another Selavonian drama; Louisa, in Schiller's tragedy "Cabale und Liebe"; Flipotte, in Jules Lemaitre's comedy of that name; and Susanne de Villiers, in Pailleron's "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie"; Trilby and Ophelia—such is a representative selection from the repertory of this versatile and, I should add, prepossessing actress, who, after a long engagement at the Cracow Theatre, together with her husband, an actor, scholar, and translator of English standard comedies, is now ambitious to play in English on the English-speaking boards. Mr. Allen Beaumont thinks highly of Madame Morska's talents, and so does her distinguished fellow-countrywoman, Madame Modjeska, not to speak of many dramatic critics in Warsaw, Cracow, and St. Petersburg.

Miss Marie Engle is singing at Madrid. Hitherto she has only sung in America, her native country, or here, where she is equally at home. She has met with great success in Spain, and so may be tempted by-and-by to try and conquer more new worlds. Miss Engle made her first appearance as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," and at the end of the opera was seven times called before the curtain. These triumphs were repeated in the same and other pieces, and, altogether, the Spaniards, who are critical enough in musical affairs, seem to have been delighted with their visitor. Miss Engle expects to be back in England early in the New Year.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, the actor, has appeared with success in a new capacity—as the author of a clever and amusing story for children lately published in "the hub of the universe." It is called "Blown Away," and deals with the adventures of two little girls, Beatrice (said to stand for Mr. Mansfield's wife, Miss Beatrice Cameron) and Jessie, the only surviving daughters of a family of forty, all girls, and all younger than these two, whose widowed mother, together with the thirty-eight of no importance, is blown out of the window by a convenient cyclone in the opening pages. Mr. Mansfield has, from what I have gathered, treated in a bright, pleasant, and ingenious manner a theme that has "no offence in 't," and his introductory preface is wittily written. I hope that *nous autres Anglais* ("grown-ups" as well as children) may have the opportunity of reading "Blown Away" before very long.

Madame Beatrice Langley, the violinist who created such a furore during her recent tour in Canada with Madame Albani, and who lately



MADAME BEATRICE LANGLEY.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

has been playing largely at private "at homes," has just been asked by Madame Albani to accompany her on a tour in Australia and South

Africa, which will begin in February. I hear that Madame Albani will leave England early in January.

Australia has got hold of a new actress. Miss Lilian Wheeler has just risen from what was almost histrionic obscurity into a place among the



MISS LILIAN WHEELER.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

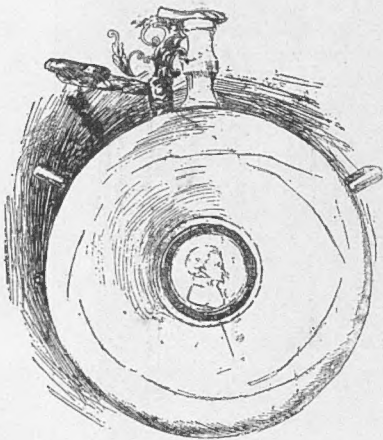
leading actresses of Australia. For the past three years she has been one of the most-admired girls in Melbourne society, and when, in June last, she elected to become a "thinking" member of Mr. Bland Holt's melodramatic company, her acquaintances merely attributed her action to stage glamour and regarded it as ephemeral. Though cast simply as "one of the multitude," Miss Wheeler's tall and handsome presence commanded attention from all the theatre-goers of Melbourne from the first. Dr. Neild, the veteran dramatic critic of Australia, however, recognised the latent talent in the young lady, and advised Mr. George Rignold to give her an opportunity of displaying her powers. Mr. Rignold allowed Miss Wheeler to make her speaking début as Violet in "Confusion." The test proved Miss Wheeler to be a born actress. She was engaged immediately, and her rendering of Hetty Preene in "The Lights of London" was so successful that, when the play was repeated in Melbourne a week or two later, she was promoted to the position of lead.

Since that date Miss Wheeler has taken the principal parts in all Mr. Rignold's melodramas, and has fallen into the position rendered vacant when Miss Hilda Spong left for England. Tall and handsome, Miss Wheeler has a beautiful low voice, and she possesses the gift of naturalness. She is the only daughter of a notable Australian journalist, Mrs. Wheeler, who, as proprietor and editor of the *Castlemaine Representative* in the 'seventies, wielded a power in political matters possessed by no other provincial paper in Australia.

Bournemouth promises to be very full at Christmas-time, for at no other popular resort, considering its size, are there so many first-class hotels. Mr. Doré, the genial proprietor of the Imperial, the Grand, and the Pier, has lately opened another hotel near the celebrated Branksome Chine, known as the Branksome Tower Hotel, and its lovely surroundings should make it very popular. Visitors to Bournemouth, as a rule, pay a flying visit to Christchurch to see the superb old church, which magnificently illustrates every English style, from Romanesque to Perpendicular. A flying visit, however, is by no means sufficient to appreciate such a beautiful monument. Those who are wise arrange to spend the night, and, if they be Waltonians, get a day's fishing in the Avon, where sea-trout are many and big salmon are taken. The old monks of the Augustinian Priory showed great judgment in choosing their site at the junction of the Avon and Stour, not far from the bay, where bass abound. The fishing is strictly preserved, and, indeed, at Christchurch the visitor will find it very difficult to get leave to tackle the salmon and sea-trout, while the perch—absolute monsters—are close game at present. The rest of the fishing is owned by the King's Arms Hotel, famous under the management of the late Mr. Newlyn, whose reputation is well maintained by that gentleman's successor, the present proprietor.

America's devotion to Napoleon is endless. Its latest acquisition is his powder-flask.

Some months ago I read with curiosity an account of an American boy preacher whose eloquence was said to be attracting great crowds in the States. Both his name and his history have escaped me, but on



NAPOLEON'S POWDER-FLASK.

glancing over a Transatlantic newspaper of last month's date I found a "story" which may represent either the true inwardness of this boy-preacher business or be a gallant attempt on the part of the Yankee journalist to eclipse the fame of Boy No. 1 by trumpeting abroad the gifts and graces of Boy No. 2. It seems to me that Boy No. 1 was about eight years old, and was stumping the country. Boy No. 2 is only three, and at present has not strayed from the parental roof. He lives, we are told, in a humble cottage in Atlanta, Georgia, where one Sunday afternoon not long ago he found his vocation. His father, a devout man, had some visitors at the house, when suddenly young hopeful toddled in, dragged chairs into a semicircle, and motioned to the company, impatiently saying, "You sit there. I want to preach." They humoured him, and he began, "You people no right to come here on Sunday to see my farver. You no right to come here and talk, talk, and laugh, laugh, when God says do his work on this day. And I know that not all of you are good. Some of you drink and hurt your wives, and you are drunkards. Drunkards go to torment," and much more to the same effect. About young Lawrence Dennis (that is his name) two opinions are recorded. His father, despite the terrible character his guests received at the imp's hands, believes that the boy has a mission.

The other opinion is that of physicians, who fear he may become a wreck before reaching maturity. I confess to the same fear when I read that this precocious infant addressed an assembly of divines on this wise: "Preachers, preachers, I have come to preach to preachers. They need preaching to." He is ascetic, nay, even a misogynist, and talks of "wicked, useless girls." His other doctrine is sound enough, but for this sort of gospel Lawrence might very properly be visited (as a standard household manual has it under the heading "Correction of Children") on the place which Nature has provided. The saddest thing recorded of him is that he will not play, that from morning till night he devotes every moment to the acquiring of fresh religious knowledge, and that he despises fairy-tales. Frequent preachings have now reduced him to a state of nervous prostration, and soon, alas!

we may, like the singer in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," behold young Lawrence dead."



LAWRENCE DENNIS.
From the New York "World."

I congratulate Boston on its perception of the fitness of things in art. A fine bronze statue of a Bacchante by Mr. Macmonnies was placed in the courtyard of the Boston Public Library. Instantly the city took alarm. Was this a suitable figure to strike the eye of youthful students every morning? Nothing can exceed the delightful *abandon* of this Bacchante. She is said to have been modelled from one Eugénie Pasque, a joyous demoiselle of the Quartier Latin, and she is the very embodiment of careless, rapturous grace. I think a case might have been made out for her as the tutelary genius of literature. She is balancing an infant Bacchus on one arm, and holding a bunch of grapes above him with the disengaged hand. "Here," it might be argued, "we see the budding professor, intent upon the grapes of knowledge, and sustained in his arduous studies by the gaiety of life." Viewed in that light the Bacchante might be not only tolerated, but even applauded. Boston, however, is not as subtle as we all supposed. It judges a statue from a purely superficial aspect. So the Bacchante has been deposed, and succeeded by the "Spirit of Research," a veiled lady of the most respectable appearance. Anything less suggestive of research cannot be imagined, but the drapery is quite

in accord with the Bostonian ideal of decorum. The youthful student, entering or emerging from the library, will be properly depressed instead of being beguiled by the pernicious idea that it is possible to dance without neglecting your books.

I do not usually associate my contemporary *Reynolds's Newspaper* with royalty, but I learn from its columns that that most democratic of journals has been having a friendly correspondence with people so august as her Majesty and the Prince of Wales. This is all on account of a fund on behalf of sandwich-men, which *Reynolds's*, with commendable enterprise, has initiated. There would seem to be about a thousand sandwich-men in London, and it is proposed to give, by means of the fund, a Christmas dinner to all of them. The Queen, through her secretary, expressed her keen sympathy with "all undertakings that would help to cheer the lives of her less fortunate subjects," but regretted that she was unable to patronise the fund. "The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, has sent ten pounds, with the following letter—

SIR,—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., and to assure you in reply that H.R.H. has always experienced the greatest sympathy for that unfortunate class of the community, the "sandwich-men," whom, when he is in London, he daily sees walking about the muddy streets in the most inclement weather, looking half-frozen and most wretched.

His Royal Highness has therefore much satisfaction in forwarding you the accompanying cheque for ten pounds, which he requests you will have the goodness to apply to the fund which you are raising to provide a Christmas dinner for these poor men.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

D. M. PROBYN, General,

Comptroller and Treasurer to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W., Dec. 11, 1897.

Mr. W. M. Thompson, the editor of *Reynolds's*, may be congratulated alike on his philanthropy and his enterprise. The sandwich-man always seems to me, far more than the beggar, the very embodiment of what is called "being down on one's luck," and it is pleasant to think that the London sandwich-men will at least have a good dinner on Christmas Day.

Everybody who has been stirred by their gallantry—and who has not?—must have learned with keen regret that Pipers Milne and



THE "COCK O' THE NORTH," WHICH LED THE GORDONS TO VICTORY AT DARGAI.

Findlater have each had to lose part of a leg. The proposal emanating from the Cape to raise a fund for Milne (at the time when he was believed to have piped his comrades to victory) is surely timely now, for both he and Findlater have reached the end of their Army career. It is long since any individual feat of Tommy Atkins has raised such a wave of enthusiasm as that of these two sturdy Scots. In view of the permanent injury they have received, none deserve more truly a substantial Christmas box.

The *Evening News* is professedly intended for the masses, hence the splendid circulation of which it boasts. It is a pity, however, that it should write down to the masses on questions which it would be just as easy to write up for them. Clearly, the majority of the people who buy halfpenny newspapers do not in the least care about literature, but perhaps they are coming to do so more and more. For example, there is an illiterate paragraph in a recent *Evening News* from a correspondent, in which he refers to "the affected cult of Omar Kháyyám." "The thing," he says, "is an ordinary English mutual admiration society. As for Omar, had he been English instead of Persian, he would never have been celebrated in this style." The fact is that Omar is English, and not Persian; that it is FitzGerald who is celebrated with so much enthusiasm; that it is FitzGerald's poem which has been loved and admired by hundreds of people all over the world—people who take no interest whatever in Persian. The Omar Kháyyám Club is simply a small body of men who assemble three times a year to drink to FitzGerald's memory. They include in their ranks most of the well-known literary men of the day—Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. J. M. Barrie, for example. There is scarcely time for much mutual admiration while partaking of three modest dinners per annum at a popular restaurant.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, of course, started all this by referring in the *Saturday Review* to FitzGerald's "mock Persian drive," but this is only one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's eccentricities—he does not in the least mean it. Every man and woman of letters, without distinction, admires FitzGerald's poem; even the *Saturday Review*, which publishes Mr. Shaw's reference, says in the same issue: "This 'translation' of FitzGerald's is practically an original work. By the universal verdict of Orientalists it vastly surpasses its original in poetical merit. For nearly forty years, under the mantle of Omar Kháyyám, Edward FitzGerald's original poem has been moving amongst us, gradually filling the air with its delicious fragrance, gradually winning that praise which is due to a consummate thing done once for all in absolute perfection."

THE "UNCO GUID" IN THE U.S.A.



MACMONNIES' "BACCHANTE" AS IT APPEARED IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.



MERADA'S "SPIRIT OF RESEARCH" AS IT WILL APPEAR IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

A statue of Pasteur has just been unveiled at Melun. It has been erected through the efforts of the Agricultural Society of Seine-et-Marne and of the veterinary surgeons of France, in memory of the discovery of the anthrax vaccine, which was made at Pouilly. The



MONUMENT TO PASTEUR AT MELUN.

monument, which is the work of the sculptor d'Houdin, consists of a pedestal surmounted by a bust in bronze of the great scientist. In a bas-relief an illustration is given of the process of inoculation.

"An indignant journalist," whose style makes a signature redundant, writes to me as follows—

Is it not high time that the actor-manager should be reminded that there is a limit to our toleration, not of his eccentricity, but of his impertinence? At a public dinner in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, a fund that owes much to the never-failing sympathy of journalists, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in proposing the health of the chairman, spoke in offensive terms of "the lesser Flea of Journalism," and asked if he was to sit down because he had been stung by him. I refer you to the report of the dinner as published in the *Era*. Who this "lesser journalistic flea" may be that has irritated Mr. Beerbohm Tree's cuticle I neither know nor care. All I know is that Mr. A. B. Walkley, one of our most able, scholarly, and well-bred critics, protested, as he had a perfect right to do, *not* against an actor being a public man, which would be ridiculous, but against the growing custom of actors advertising themselves by means of political meetings and so on, receiving testimonials for themselves and their wives, and speechifying *coram populo*. I, who am interested in dramatic art, cordially agree with Mr. Walkley. If My Lord This and My Lord That want to give Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree presents, let them do it in the Green Room, or at the back, or in their own homes, but not on the stage on an occasion which does not concern the theatrical public in the least. For this very sensible protest the whole of the journalistic profession is branded by Mr. Tree with an offensive epithet as containing "a lesser Flea of Journalism." This, of course, implies the greater Flea! This, if it means anything, means that journalism is regarded by the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre with loathing and contempt. If there is one profession in the world that should respect journalism, it is the dramatic profession, for it lives by its very breath, and it feeds the "lesser flea," if it exists, with coxcombry paragraphs. Had I been present at the dinner, I should have risen and demanded that Mr. Tree recalled his offensive phrase. As I was not present, I ask my brother journalists to note the reward they get for putting actors and actor-managers in a position to insult them gratuitously. Of course, an actor is a public man. Naturally, an actor has every right to make a speech in favour of an institution in which he may be personally interested. But a "Journalistic Flea" is a pretty tall order from one of the leading managers of London, who has been flea-bitten with continual praise more persistently than any of his fellows!

I hold no brief for Mr. Tree, but it seems to me that my correspondent is making a mortal wound of the flea-bite. In the first place, Mr. Tree (actor-like) was indebted to Swift for the phrase the "lesser flea"; secondly, the phrase is more vulgar than abusive. Let me say in passing that I think that the two P's are over-inflated with their own importance—"the Profession" and "the Press." The toadying to "the Press" is quite as bad as any attack thereon. The actor lives on two other great P's—Praise and the Public. I cannot agree with my respected correspondent that an actor on the stage must not be an actor in life. If His Grace of So-and-So becomes a godfather to the player's latest baby, and if "My Lord This and My Lord That" present the actor with gifts on the stage, let them do so. To some of us it may seem in bad taste; I may say so; the actor retaliates and calls me a flea. I hold that I have a perfect right to pooh-pooh the "pro's" craving for notoriety

at any price; but, then, surely it is fair that he may denounce me in turn. I speak, of course, of a principle, and do not appraise the use of a merely vulgar phrase, the selection of which only implies limited acquaintance with the branches of abuse that may grow on the Tree of Knowledge.

Fussie, Sir Henry Irving's famous fox-terrier, has had a tragic end. He was very old, asthmatic, and nearly blind, but where his master was there he loved also to be, and the mutual affection was touching to witness. The poor beast fell down a hole under the stage at the Manchester Theatre Royal and broke his neck, to the deep grief of his lifelong friend. Fussie was originally the property of Miss Ellen Terry, and in his wild youth gave a vast amount of trouble. Some thirteen years ago, during an American tour of the Lyceum Company, he was constantly in scrapes. On one occasion the special train had steamed a mile or so away from a station on a straight track when Fussie was missed. Presently he was descried, a white speck in the rear, scudding after the train with evident confidence in his ability to overtake it. There is a well-known story of his disappearance at Southampton, when he found that Sir Henry did not mean to take him on the Continent. He went off in disgust, and turned up at the Lyceum three days later, worn to a skeleton, but indomitable still. His manners to the world in general were haughty in his declining years. He would appear on the stage amidst a couple of hundred guests after a first-night's performance, gaze around with an expression of aristocratic boredom, and then stalk slowly and solemnly off. Social frivolities had no attraction for him; but to lie at his master's feet in the snug privacy of Grafton Street, with no one to disturb the silent interchange of ideas, was to this faithful old dog the ideal of deep contentment.

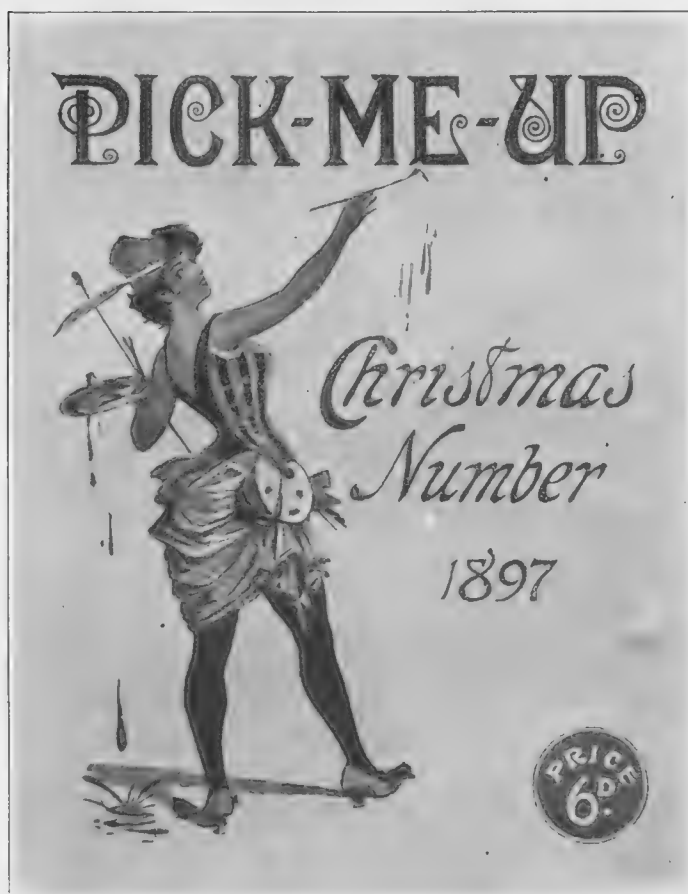
There is some likelihood that the house in St. Martin's Street occupied by Sir Isaac Newton from 1710 till 1725 will, after all, escape demolition, as a syndicate is negotiating the purchase of the property of which the house forms a part. It was in No. 35, St. Martin's Street, that the distinguished physicist passed some of the happiest of his days in the observatory he had erected on the roof—in which, by the way, in later years, Fanny Burney wrote portions of "Evelina."



THE HOUSE WHERE SIR ISAAC NEWTON LIVED, OFF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hall, E.C.

The Christmas Number of *Pick-Me-Up* has come to me, and, apart from the very lively picture, which is always the principal instrument in selling a Christmas Number, it will be granted, I think, that this is an admirable sixpennyworth. The letterpress is humorous and in every way entertaining. The illustrations are by Raven-Hill, Dudley Hardy,



COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "PICK-ME-UP."

Harry B. Neilson—whose work I have often noted in the *New York Life*, and am very glad to see in London journals—Mr. Will Owen, Mr. Oscar Willson, Mr. Sime, and so on. It is probable that no more typical epitome of modern humorous black-and-white could be devised than this Christmas Number of *Pick-Me-Up*.

Elsewhere my art critic deals with the clever pictures of children drawn by Miss Hilda Cowham. She is quite young. She received her art education at the Wimbledon Art School, under Messrs. Pocock and Drury, and then at Lambeth, where, under Mr. McKeggie, the headmaster, she gained a County art scholarship tenable for two years. During that period she took a prize for a design in colour for "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" at the Gilbert's Sketching Club's competition, and had her first published drawing in the *Studio* and also a full page in *The Sketch*. Since then she has been a regular contributor to various magazines and papers, including *Pick-Me-Up*, and this Christmas she has illustrated *Hood's Annual*, as noticed.

The commodious Britannia Theatre, which is Hoxton way, was crowded to its very ceiling last Monday week, the occasion being the last night of the season—popularly called the "Britannia Festival"—and the benefit of Mrs. Sara Lane, the proprietor of the "Brit," and Lady Bountiful in general to the district. The opening piece was the two-act and, as the programme hath it, "admired drama of deep interest," called "The Gunmaker of Moscow"; and when Mrs. Lane came on in the character of Zenobie, waiting-maid to the Lady Rosalie, methought the ceiling would have fallen, so hearty was the applause and so extremely shrill the whistling. Anon Mrs. Lane, still in the character of Zenobie, came on bravely attired in masculine garb and turned her "mincing steps" into a "manly stride," to the delight of her friends and admirers in front.

The event of the evening, however, was a "new poetical Britannia festival, specially written by Mr. Algernon Syms, wherein each member of the company will bid adieu to the audience for the season." The artists in question, each attired in some costume in which he or she had appeared during the season, were "discovered" seated on the stage, and, coming down front, delivered a half-dozen or so lines of verse suitable to the character each was supposed, at the moment, to be representing. (No fewer than five of the players elected to appear in the garb they had worn in "The Sign of the Cross.") As each player advanced to the footlights, he or she was pelted with flowers, and even with boxes (presumably containing chocolate) and parcels. Lastly, Mrs. Lane appeared in her own character as manageress of the "Brit."

The fire which a year or two ago destroyed the theatre at Southend-on-Sea was not an unmixed evil, for, through the enterprise of

Mr. F. Marlow, Southenders can now boast a theatre of which Mr. Arthur Roberts recently said that he did not think any town of the same size had a finer. There Mr. Roberts proposes to produce for the first time his new play, and there last week a new play by Mr. Burford Delannoy was put upon the boards. It is pure melodrama of the good old-fashioned type, but so full of strong situations and good things that the author may be congratulated on an emphatic success, much of which was due to Mrs. Emily Marlow's charming and spirited acting, and to Mr. Delannoy's admirable representation of the villain. Mr. Charles Vane, as the poacher, scored a distinct success, and the whole play went swingingly from start to finish.

Hasn't the reporting and the tittle-tattle about the "Great Cricket Match" been grotesquely overdone? Where does the "sport" come in? The bulk of the team are professionals, and are carrying on a mere business. You might as well expatiate on the Young England which goes out to prospect at Coolgardie as being animated with the spirit of sport. The hooting of the English team on Thursday is only a patent manifestation of the sordidness of the whole business. It means nothing as regards the feelings of our kin beyond sea towards ourselves.

We have heard a great deal lately about champagne without alcohol. My total-abstinence friends will be exhilarated at the prospect; they must often have envied those of us who are non-abstainers the sparkling beverage which helps us to enjoy our dinner, while they, at our sides, are cultivating dyspepsia on cold water. All this, perhaps, will be changed by the non-alcoholic champagne, of which the First Swiss Wine Company, as it is called, of Eastcheap, sent me a bottle, and which I really find a very excellent drink. By the way, Mr. Monaco, the manager, presented a bottle to each of his guests the other night, at a banquet given to the Swiss Minister in London by the Swiss colony here. We all know the custom at dinners of the City Companies of men taking home boxes of sweets to their wives; I doubt not but that the Swiss gentlemen who arrived at their domestic hearths with a bottle of this non-alcoholic wine received an equally cordial reception.

I congratulate Mr. Dudley Hardy on the remarkably clever poster he has done for "The Grand Duchess" at the Savoy. The central figure is white, the little train-bearers are green, and the whole is set off by a brown background. Meantime, Mr. D'Oyly Carte writes me—

Seeing the paragraph in your last issue mentioning the fact that in cold or wet weather the public waiting at the doors are admitted to the theatre before



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S POSTER FOR "THE GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE SAVOY.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, Limited.

the regular time of opening, I think, perhaps, I should mention that for years it has been the custom at the Savoy Theatre to admit the public to the theatre at an early hour when the weather seemed to render it desirable. I think the Savoy was the first theatre to do this, but it has since, I believe, been done at several others.

THE DAY OF DOGS AT EARL'S COURT.

A CHAT WITH LEO, THE CORK HOSPITAL DOG.

"What is this yelping of pups and baying of hounds that I hear in mine ears?" I ejaculated in irreverent parody of the Prophet Samuel, as I emerged from the covered way at Earl's Court Station, and crossed the road to the Exhibition Gate. From the outside din was truly appalling; inside it was, of course, no less, but the glorious company of dogs (there were one thousand four hundred and forty) pleased the eye so well that the ear forgot its grievance.

A queer spectacle it was. The halls of the great exhibition, stripped of their summer glory, were become the temporary abode of dogs, dogs, dogs—dogs of every race and colour, dogs little, dogs big, dogs of middle size, and nearly all the one thousand four hundred and forty giving tongue to the best of their power. Everywhere, too, were anxious owners, smart women for the most part, each comforting him whom her soul loveth with food, his coat, or the comb. Or they were giving the beloved exercise or following in a bevy an attendant who stumbled along amid half-a-dozen poodles in leash. And once a man passed with his treasure hid in a napkin. Mrs. Stannard Robinson's excellent organisation made the tour of inspection a light matter, although at first the task



LEO, THE CORK HOSPITAL DOG.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

seemed bewildering. It was easy, however, to find the principal exhibits. Prominent among the first-prize takers was Alex, the Princess of Wales's superb Borzoi, already the taker of seven firsts. Alex, weighted perhaps with honours, was asleep, and would not be roused.

Next I went to visit Mrs. Horsfall's Great Dane, Hannibal, but the Carthaginian was absent for the moment, only his ticket of honour remaining to tell that he had added another first to his many triumphs. As the hero was not on view, there was no help but cross over to find comfort with the Newfoundlands, where, in the class "Dogs other than Black," was another beautiful first-prize taker, Mr. Dickman's Merry Boy. But Merry Boy was asleep, too, and so was not conversable. His daughter, Merry Lassie, the lady first-prize taker (also Mr. Dickman's) in the Newfoundland Maiden Class, had likewise succumbed to Morpheus, and it seemed as if there was to be no talk with the celebrities at all. But better luck was to come. Turning into the next annexe, I observed a little group, chiefly ladies, about an exhibit which was invisible for the crowd. A huge placard overhead told that the centre of attraction was a sturdy Irish beggar actively engaged in charitable work. He was, indeed, none other than the great Leo, the hospital dog of Cork, attended by his devoted mistress, Miss Baxter, and two ladies in the uniform of nursing sisters. An introduction quickly followed. Leo, though not asleep, was tired, yet he consented to talk.

"I'd a trying passage over this morning," he admitted. "Yes, *mal-de-mer*—awful! Getting better, though, and hope to do good business here. Of course, I've brought my collecting-barrel—I can't forget my poor little sick children in Ould Ireland. Thanks for congratulations. Yes, really, third prize at my age is quite gratifying. I can't compete with the young rascals as I could once, but I'm content. We all have our day. Really, though, if you'd excuse me, I've been badly upset—ever been sea-sick yourself? No? Lucky dog!—I mean, man. Well, you'd like to be spared an interview if you had. I refer you to my published works. Miss Baxter, please, a copy of my autobiography for *The Sketch*. Good night, good night! My compliments to your editor."

Leo has in the past four or five years collected thousands of pounds for the County and City of Cork Hospital for Women and Children. He keeps the Leo Cot going solely by his own exertions, and is now working like a Trojan to raise one thousand pounds to endow permanently a Victoria Cot. The glorious fellow had a birthday-party recently, at which Lord Shaftesbury sang. A group of the talented and distinguished company was hanging above Leo's place at the exhibition, and his mistress told me that on the interesting occasion Leo collected two hundred pounds during the afternoon. He understands his mission

thoroughly, and is an able financier, going regularly to the bank, where he keeps a separate account. Cheques payable to "Leo," care of the honorary secretary of the hospital, are duly placed to his credit. He mentioned that to see my readers' signature would please him immensely, especially as his hospital is at present crippled for lack of funds.

Having got the good old fellow's photograph, I resumed my tour of that canine Babel, making many friends among the barkers. The Chow-Chows were all jolly little chaps, Mrs. Faber's famous Singapore Boy being one of the best to look at, although on this occasion he has not been placed higher than third. The Schipperkes looked bright as ever, despite the distracting din, Dr. Freeman's little Fandango bearing his first honours proudly. But my heart went out chiefly to Mr. J. F. Dalmer's Torrance Laddie, the first-prize Scotch terrier in the Limit Class. The little rascal, who had for the moment no friends beside his stand, answered to his name with a wonderful brightening of the eye and the sauciest cock of the head imaginable. "Laddie," I said again, and round jerked the little head a peg further aslant, while the eye positively beamed. And at a third call you would have thought he would screw his wee head off altogether. Such a knowing, sly-eyed little dog it would be hard to find, even in that collection. Among toys was one mite, Harringay Bijou, lapped in luxury, otherwise a leopard-skin and two down pillows, from between which only part of his dainty little head peeped out. In the novelty class (actresses' dogs) No. 1 on the catalogue bore a great name. He was none other than Miss Gertrude Varden's Russian poodle, James McNeill Whistler, son, not of a gun, but of Boomerang. The force of nature could no further go. Confident that the show could yield no more intense moment, I accordingly took leave of Barkopolis.

AN ENGLISH ACTRESS IN GERMANY.

Miss Nina Carnegie Mardon is a young Englishwoman who this year plays what are called in Germany the "classical heroine" parts at the Grand Ducal Theatre of Mannheim, a position of note in the theatrical world of the Fatherland. Her father was an officer in the British Navy, and her early years were spent in Wales. In time she went to school in Paris, where she acquired a ready familiarity with French, and from Paris she and her mother went to Berlin and ultimately to Dresden. When Miss Mardon first set her foot on German soil she knew no word of German. But her talent for languages is such that she soon acquired the tongue of Schiller and Goethe, so that, as *Redenden Künstler*, a Leipzig journal, observed in a recent appreciative notice, she speaks German now "like a native."

Miss Mardon early conceived an ambition to be an actress. Unfortunately for English art, the circumstance of her residence in Dresden induced her to seek her ambition on the German instead of the English stage. After studying under the well-known stage teacher, Frau Dr. Schramm-Macdonald, Miss Mardon stepped upon the boards for the first time on Aug. 19, 1892, at the Dresden Residenz Theater, where she played Helene von Plauen in Rosen's "Barfussige Fräulein." Her success was signal, and since then she has gone on from success to success. In autumn 1893 she entered on a long engagement at the Court Theatre of Altenburg, where she appeared as Klärchen in "Egmont," Luise in "Kabale und Liebe," Elizabeth in "Don Carlos," and Ophelia in "Hamlet." In "Egmont" and "Hamlet" she played with the eminent German actor, Emil Darschs. After sundry other engagements of a similar high class, Miss Mardon in the autumn of 1895 entered upon another long engagement at the Court Theatre of Meiningen. In that strict school for actors, where the Grand Duke acts as a headmaster and as stage-manager, she played many parts to the satisfaction of the Court and of the public. She could not please the critics, because in that happy Duchy dramatic critics are not allowed to exist; the Duke does all the criticism that is required, and brooks no rival. This winter Miss Mardon, who is but twenty-four years of age, plays at Mannheim all the classical and serious parts.

The Mannheim Theatre ranks very high in Germany. Its *glanzzeit* was the Dalberg-Schiller-Iffland period. Here Schiller's dramas were first produced, Jan. 13, 1872, the day of the first representation of the "Räuber" being one of the most important dates in German literature. The house, which has since then been renovated and rebuilt, now holds one thousand eight hundred people. Mannheim is one of the first stages where Wagner was appreciated, and the "Wagner Verein" was founded there. There is also a very good standing opera, with a splendid orchestra. Six representations are given at the theatre a week—three opera and three drama, Shakspeare and Wagner being the chief favourites. Since Oct. 1 Miss Mardon has played Hermione in "Winter's Tale," Viola in "Twelfth Night," and Goneril in "King Lear." In a forthcoming Goethe Cycles, her parts are to be Leonore d'Este in "Torquato Tasso" and Iphigenia in the play of the same name, and after that Heibel's "Nibelungen," a trilogy, where her rôle is Kriemhild. The Grand Ducal Theatre of Mannheim plays all the year round, with the exception of July and August, and the *solo personal* of the drama consists of twenty artists, ladies and gentlemen, several of whom formerly were in Meiningen. They never give the same piece more than three or four times during the season.

During the summer months, when the large theatres are closed, it is the pleasant habit of the leading German actors to play at the little theatres at the bathing-places, and to take all sorts of parts. Thus, in August 1896 and August 1897, Miss Mardon played in the theatre of Heligoland in a surprising variety of parts, ranging from Claire in "The Ironmaster" to Niobe in "Niobe All Smiles."

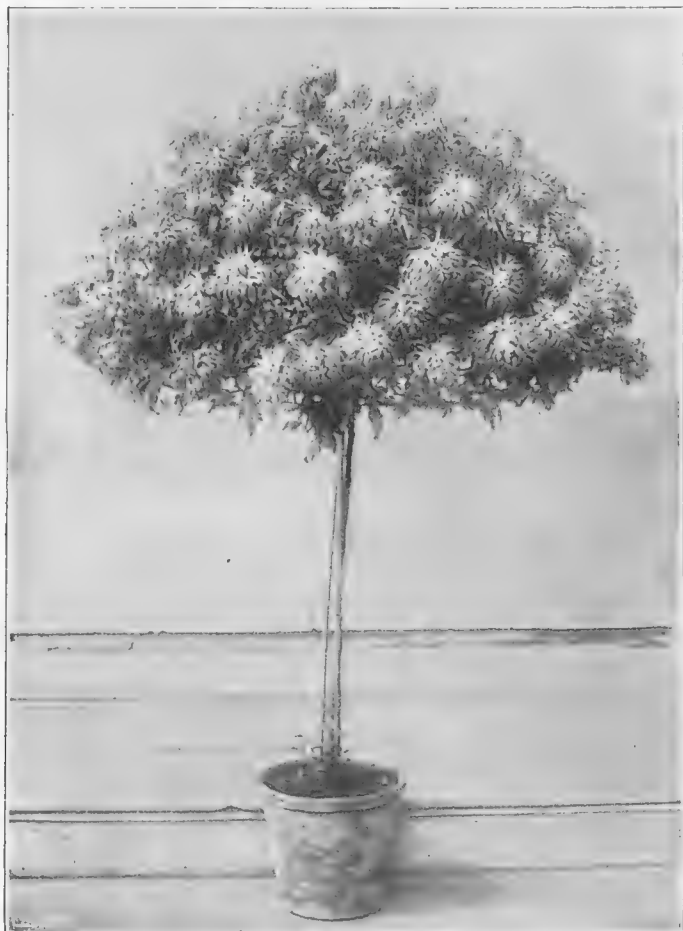


AN ENGLISH ACTRESS IN GERMANY: MISS NINA MARDON AS IPHIGENIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LILL, COURT PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

THE CULT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The chrysanthemum has been known to Western civilisation for more than two hundred years, and its popularity in the land where it was discovered is probably very old. The first mention of this plant appears



STANDARD-TRAINED CHRYSANTHEMUM, EVA KNOWLES.
Photo by the Melford Studio.

in the treatise by Breynius, published in 1689, in which the author speaks of the chrysanthemum as a plant to be found in six varieties in Holland. A year later than this, Englebert Kœmpfer paid a visit of exploration to Japan, and described eight new kinds of the plant, distinct from anything then known in Europe. It was not until 1764 that a French merchant, one M. Blancard, of Marseilles, imported six roots from China, of which only one survived the journey; but the beauties of the plant were at once recognised, and the new flower from the East became a nine days' wonder. Specimens were forwarded to Kew Gardens in 1790, and it was then discovered that there were several varieties of chrysanthemums growing in the Apothecaries' Botanic Garden at Chelsea. In 1795 the first exhibition of large-flowered chrysanthemums was held at Colville's Nursery, in Chelsea, and this attracted so much attention that the popularity of the plant in England dates from it.



DWARF-TRAINED CHRYSANTHEMUM, GLORIOSAM.
Photo by the Melford Studio.

It must, however, be understood that the chrysanthemum of 1795 was a very different thing from the large Japanese curled varieties of to-day. The "golden yellow" was not introduced till 1802, the "quilled" was first exhibited by Mr. Thomas Evans, of Stepney, in 1808, and the "tasselled white" made its appearance in 1816. The number of varieties included in the first catalogue drawn up by the Royal Horticultural Society in 1826 numbered forty-eight, and the first seedling was raised by Isaac Wheeler, gardener at Magdalen Hall.

The plant is with us raised either from seed or by means of cuttings from the parent stock. Both these methods appear to be well understood, as is also that of "pinching out," to which the size and vigour of the flowers are entirely due. The method of grafting, so extensively and successfully practised by the Chinese, has, however, never been achieved successfully in this country. The Celestials, besides producing huge clusters of brilliant flowers by this means, train them into grotesque forms. Nor have our growers yet succeeded in raising the long-desired blue chrysanthemum, a flower which, despite the disbelief of the majority of horticulturists, is said to be extensively grown in certain Buddhist monasteries in Japan, where it is regarded as a sacred thing. In evidence of the existence of this species, we are reminded that the blue chrysanthemum is depicted on many of the finest specimens of Japanese pottery, but it has been pointed out that



CHRYSANTHEMUMS FROM THE GARDENS OF THE HON. A. TALBOT.
Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

this may be due to the brilliance of the imagination of the potter. Yet another feat to be achieved is the production of a sweet-scented variety. The attempts which have been made towards the obtaining of a perfumed chrysanthemum are many, but have not been successful.

The most marked epoch in the history of the chrysanthemum dates from the introduction of the hairy species a few years ago. The incident was largely a matter of chance, and the story will bear repeating. It appears that a lady living in the United States received a box of chrysanthemums as a present from a friend in Japan. The plants took the form of roots, which were duly planted. In the following autumn they bloomed, and one of them took a then unknown shape, having a multiplicity of hairs over all its flowers, which were of large size. The plant was quite a novelty, and attracted a great deal of attention, its fame spreading until it reached a firm of florists, who called on the owner of the plant, and promptly offered to purchase it for £300. The offer was accepted, and the purchasers divided it, and forced it, until the portions became well established. They then sold cuttings at a high price, and did very well over the transaction. No fewer than 35,000 plants were sold, all taken from this single plant.

Apart from its reputation for decorative purposes, the chrysanthemum is honoured throughout the East as the symbol of the highest honour which can be conferred by the Mikado of Japan. The Order of the Chrysanthemum was instituted as recently as 1876, and is, as a rule, conferred on princes of the blood. Its first recipient was the ill-fated Czar Alexander II., and there are at present about thirty holders of the distinction, only two of whom are unrelated to royalty, one being Sanjo Sanetomi, a Japanese gentleman, the other Prince Bismarck. The badge of the Order consists of a red enamel sun surrounded by four chrysanthemum blooms united by their eight leaves. The badge is worn suspended from a yellow enamel chrysanthemum. Both the badge and insignia are manufactured exclusively in Japan by specially trained native workmen.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MADAME NEMESIS.

BY A. G. P. SYKES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hereward Thane were called by most of their friends and acquaintances a "model couple." His height over hers was of the proportion deemed fitting by the feminine mind; his fairness and her *petite brunette* prettiness presented also that "agreeable contrast" loved by readers of fiction.

Still further congruities were discovered in that the man was blunt in manner and not quick of comprehension; the woman ready, spontaneous, and possessed of a fair share of the tact that is one of the sex's most valuable gifts.

They were sufficiently wealthy to be able to indulge in rather more luxuries than most people. Their house in Queen Anne's Gate was furnished throughout with a solid, satisfying comfort, combined with just enough artistic taste to please the eye without detracting from the comfort—a result somewhat rare to find.

Invitations to their dinners were seldom refused. The Château Lafitte and the dry champagne were always perfection and unlimited. In the summer, it was one of the few houses where plenty of ice and soda-water were to be had. In the winter, every room was well-warmed, and the corners were free from draughts. Guests who paid frequent visits knew that their host had a hobby, and they resigned themselves to its indulgence.

A good dinner, served with silent adroitness, the pleasure accentuated by the society of fairly well-bred and intelligent people, braces one up to endure a certain amount of boredom, which otherwise would be insupportable.

Hereward Thane thought himself a connoisseur in art. Technically, theoretically, and practically, he knew about as much of it as an Apache chief. But as he possessed a collection of good water-colour drawings and line engravings and a few oil-paintings by some leading modern artists, his critical judgment and taste were believed in by many amateurs. A genuine Ruysdael, a Corot or two, a Cuyp, two Sir Peter Lelys of the artist's early days, a pair of Morlands, and a Venus which was an excellent copy of the Titians at Hampton Court were added by degrees, and Hereward Thane would not have taken thousands for his treasures.

After dinner he invariably exhibited them to his guests. He was never tired of inspecting them himself, and those who knew them by heart were wise if they professed a certain degree of enthusiasm on each separate occasion. An expressed belief that the Venus was genuine was a passport to the owner's constant hospitality, while an excuse to escape the ordeal altogether meant ruthless blackballing with regard to future dinners.

"Yes; I am proud of my little collection, heterogeneous as it is, and I don't care who knows it. I bought everything myself. Dealers are swindlers. But you must see Mrs. Thane's drawings," he would add just when his heavy platitudes had nearly succeeded in dispelling the effects of the Lafitte and the champagne, especially with those who cared little or nothing about paintings, except for their financial value. "She is greatly gifted in that way. An unusual talent for a woman."

It was somewhat surprising, however, to see the walls of the pretty morning-room almost covered with really charming etchings, framed in white or black picked out with gold, and arranged with care and discrimination.

They were clever copies, in pen-and-ink and water-colour, from *Punch*, from cartoons in the French and German papers, from photographs, and various illustrated catalogues of art exhibitions. Some of Mr. Marcus Stone's idyllic studies had been accurately copied on diminutive canvases in oils. The drawing was by no means faultless, but the colouring was excellent, and there was a dash and tone about them that at once compelled attention and elicited the usual comment that, with two or three years of close study, Mrs. Hereward Thane would have been an artist of exceptional ability.

A large portfolio contained some half-finished sketches in black-and-white and sepia and water-colour. Some canvases were piled against the wall, and one, a study of a Russian peasant-girl, Kit-cat size, stood on an easel. It was not to be expected that mere casual spectators would feel the same wondering admiration for them as the artist's husband. But, on one occasion, Colonel Treves, an Anglo-Indian, displayed very great interest from the first moment of seeing them. Returning to the drawing-room, he complimented his hostess with courteous sincerity.

"That particular branch of art has always interested me more than any other. I mean the black-and-white studies. Ever since I was a youngster at Winchester I have dabbled in it myself," he said simply. "I wonder whether you would permit me to join you at work one morning, Mrs. Thane? We might each take the same subject and compare notes—if you would so far honour me."

"You won't get her to do that," said Hereward Thane. "Violet lets no one see her at work—at least, I have never got her to yield."

"Because I cannot bear being watched," she said, flushing a little.

"My attention would be so divided. I should want to talk if anyone were in the same room with me. And the mere knowledge that my companion was also an artist would make me so nervous that I could do nothing."

The Colonel soon became a favourite guest. But he never could induce Mrs. Thane to change her mind, and the new sketches that appeared from time to time in the morning-room were always finished when he first saw them, even when unframed.

Hereward Thane met the Colonel one day at the Club with a jubilant look on his big square face.

"Just got a splendid bargain—a Romney—at a private sale the dealers knew nothing about. Dine with me to-night, and you shall see it. We'll have a bachelor dinner."

"You are alone, then?"

"Yes; my wife's gone to see her sister at the Langham Hotel."

"Oh!" said the Colonel, surprised that, after quite a year's acquaintance, he should have heard nothing of Mrs. Thane's relations. "Is Mrs. Thane's sister an artist too?"

"Don't think she draws at all. Her husband's got a post in St. Petersburg, and she's only here for a few days to see a doctor. Violet rushed off this morning, and I told her she might stay, as the other's too delicate to go out much. You know what women are when they've been separated for years."

The Romney was undoubtedly genuine, and Hereward Thane gave his friend a delightful little dinner. The champagne was Deutz and Geldermann at twelve guineas a dozen, and after the second bottle Thane became loquacious.

"Why don't you marry, Treves? When a man's turned five-and-thirty he wants a wife to manage his house and to sit at his dinner-table, in my opinion."

The Colonel started slightly. "Marry? Well, I have thought of it once or twice. But I want a woman who can be a companion as well as good to look at, and the combination is not easily found. You carried off a prize, my dear Thane."

Thane chuckled and emptied a full glass at a draught. "It was her talent that 'fetched' me. I met Violet and her sister at the Hydropathic place in Harrogate. They were staying there with an aunt. I remember being struck with both girls at the dinner-table the night of my arrival. The aunt was a pleasant woman, and I got talking to her the next day. She happened to mention that one of her nieces was clever at drawing, and, when she saw how interested I was, she showed me a portfolio of Violet's things. I never take long to make up my mind, and that very night I said to myself that I'd marry the girl who had done those drawings if she'd have me. When I told that to Mrs. Gresham she thought I was mad. 'No, I'm not,' I said. 'I admire both your nieces, but if the artist one will have me, I'll be a good husband to her as soon as she likes.' Mrs. Gresham made me take three days to think about it, and bound me down to let neither of them know what I wanted. Well, I took her advice. But we were married five weeks afterwards, anyway. Mrs. Gresham died within six months of our marriage, and Violet's sister Marion went out to Russia."

The Colonel lit a cigar and smoked slowly.

"That was quick work, Thane. But it seems to have answered all right. I detest long engagements myself. It was lucky," he continued thoughtfully, "that you had not taken a fancy for the other sister before you knew she could not draw."

"Yes. She was engaged at the time, too, though it was kept quiet. A long affair, ever since she'd left school. Crawford is a naturalised Russian, and can't easily leave the country. He got a rise just after I married Violet, and Marion went out to him."

A few days after that Colonel Treves accepted an invitation to go on a yachting cruise with a friend. Then he did some shooting in Scotland, and it was late in November before he went to Monte Carlo for a week, previous to returning to London for the winter.

It was lovely weather, bright and warm for the season. He strolled about idly the first morning, seeking familiar faces, and presently felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw Hereward Thane, looking worn and harassed.

"Glad to see you, Treves," he said, his ponderous features lighting up for a moment. "Had a good time?"

"Very, thanks," answered the Colonel, and they walked on together.

"How is Mrs. Thane?"

"She's not at all well."

"I am sorry to hear that," Treves said sympathetically. "You do not look very fit yourself, either," he added, glancing up at his companion.

"I am anxious about Violet."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I don't know—I don't know. The doctors say she wants rousing and a warm climate. But we've been at Nice and Florence and San Remo, and a fortnight ago I brought her here. It doesn't seem to have done any good. She looks even worse than when her sister died."

"Mrs. Crawford dead? That is very sad for Mrs. Thane."

"Her lungs were delicate, and Russia killed her. The doctors said it would when she was over here in the spring, but she would not stay away from her husband." She died in July, and Violet has not lifted up her head since."

"She's moping about it, Thane. Women are so constant, and Mrs. Crawford was her only living relation, I believe? As time gets on, I have no doubt she will be her old self again," Treves said, giving the other a friendly grip of the hand. "I feel more sorry than I can express."

"I wish you would come and see her. She liked you, and you may be able to interest her about her drawings. She hasn't done anything since she got the news of her sister's death."

"Did you go to St. Petersburg?"

"Oh no! She was dead when the letter came—dead and buried long before we could have got there. Besides, the journey's such a long one—it didn't seem worth while."

"I will call to-day, if you like."

"Do. Come to lunch."

The Colonel was punctual to the moment.

Prepared as he was to find Mrs. Thane looking ill, he was much concerned to see how the pretty little woman had changed since he had last seen her.

She wore heavy mourning, and her face was white and haggard, with deep blue lines under the eyes. The round, supple figure was reduced to a mere shadow of its former plumpness, and Mrs. Thane looked altogether too ethereal to live many months longer.

She ate nothing, and never smiled, though Treves exerted himself to the utmost to entertain her with a bright account of his travels. Formerly she was one of the readiest to be amused and her laughter always easy to obtain.

"You won't mind if I keep an appointment at three?" said Thane, directly luncheon was over. "Violet will be glad if you will stay with her."

"I shall be delighted," Treves returned cordially; "you must tell me all your news, Mrs. Thane. It is your turn now."

When they were alone, it all came out by degrees. The Colonel helped her with gentlest sympathy and delicate tact as she sobbed out the pitiful little story with her head half-buried in the sofa-cushions.

"We had not a penny of our own, my sister and I. My aunt's money went back to her husband's people when she died. Marion's engagement was uncertain, because Henry Crawford was too poor to marry then. It seemed such a marvel. . . . Hereward was rich, and he did not dislike me. He did not seem to mind which of us it was, so long as it was the artist. My aunt and Marion arranged it all. Marion sent me the drawings from time to time, and gave me the portfolio of unfinished ones. They were sent to a shop in Oxford Street, and I fetched them myself. . . . And now she's dead, and he will find out that I am an impostor. No; I dare not tell him. I dare not. He would turn me out into the streets. Yes, he would. Once a servant deceived him, and Hereward sent him away, and said he would never give him a sixpence if he were starving in the gutter."

"But," interjected the Colonel very gently, "you are his wife. That is rather different from being a servant. And you have been a good wife—you poor child!"

"Ah! But I am no better than one of those people who have obtained money by false pretences. That is just what I did. I never could draw at all. I detested it. I ought to be in prison. . . ."

Treves talked and reasoned with her patiently and kindly for a couple of hours, but to no purpose. She declared that if she took his advice and told her husband it would kill her outright.

"I will tell him on my death-bed. It won't be very long now. We were always a very delicate family; our lungs were never strong. Russia killed my sister, but remorse for my deceit is killing me."

The Colonel went to see her every day. She looked forward to his visits, for she knew that he did not condemn her so harshly as most men would. Her husband was very kind in his way, and she thanked him sweetly for his patience; but he was longing to get back to London to his beloved collection, and she felt that when a year or so had passed he would marry again. Sir Rufus Bagot, the great specialist for lung disease, came to see her once. The Colonel asked Thane's permission to summon him, and generously paid the expenses himself.

"There's no stamina," said Sir Rufus; "no rallying power. If she had had a child it might have roused her a little. As it is, I'm afraid I can do nothing. Give her everything, and do not let her be worried."

The two men looked at each other and sighed. The poor little woman never wanted anything. She had no interest in life. And Treves knew that worry was killing her.

She died a month afterwards, on Christmas Day, watching her husband's face as she told him everything with such pitiful pleading that he tried to hide his repugnance.

"I don't ask you to forgive me, Hereward," she said feebly, "because I know you cannot. It was too great a sin."

He hesitated for a few moments, and then took her carefully in his arms and gently kissed her.

"I do forgive you, Violet. I'm sorry you deceived me; but it wasn't your fault. I was a thick-headed fool, and your aunt was a clever woman. I do forgive you, dear. Can't you live a little longer, and we'll never look at those infernal drawings again? Violet—"

But the poor little woman was dead, with a faint smile on her white, thin face.

THOMAS FIRMIN, PHILANTHROPIST.

Monday was the centenary of the death of Thomas Firmin. Who was he? you ask. Think of the late Lord Shaftesbury of the nineteenth century and you have a good idea of Firmin of the seventeenth. Born at Ipswich in 1632, he was the son of a Nonconformist tradesman. At an early age he was apprenticed to a London mercer of the same religious opinions as his father. Even while serving his time young Firmin seems to have been upon terms of considerable intimacy with the leading lights of Nonconformity in London. Later in life, while still preserving his Dissenting friendships, he became the close friend as well of bishops, deans, and the clergy in general. Whether we accept or reject Kennett's story of Firmin and Cromwell—how the "curl-pate boy" personally presented a petition in favour of the persecuted John Biddle—matters not. Cromwell's alleged reply, "Do you think I'll show any favour to a man who denies his Saviour and disturbs the Government?" hardly has the ring of truth in it. True, however, it is that Firmin was ever ready to help those who suffered for religious opinions, whether Polish Anti-Trinitarians, Polish Calvinists, French Protestants, or Irish exiles. Strange does it read, but true it is, that Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, was wont to entrust to the Unitarian or Anti-Trinitarian Firmin the task of supplying preachers for the Tuesday Lectures at the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Tillotson the orthodox had implicit faith in the broad-minded rectitude of his unorthodox friend. But it is as a philanthropist, the first organiser of philanthropic schemes on a large scale, that Firmin is remembered. Beginning business as a mercer and girdler on the small capital of a hundred pounds, he opened a shop in Three Cranes Court, Lombard Street, and there he prospered. Living as the citizens of the time lived—that is, above his shop—as an enthusiastic horticulturist, Firmin, in addition, rented a garden in the then rural Hoxton. At this garden he gathered round him a circle of friends of all shades of religious opinions. With the year 1665 came the Great Plague, and then it was that Firmin first became noted as a philanthropist. To grapple with the widespread distress he started a ready-made clothing factory, in which he employed all willing to work. Paying the current rate of wages, after the bare expenses of the place were defrayed, all profits, and these were considerable, were devoted to the benefit of the labourers and the outside poor. This scheme was a great success. In the following year Firmin lost his shop and goods in the Great Fire. He opened temporary premises in Leadenhall Street till able to rebuild on the original site. Later he did rebuild thereon, prospered, and retired in 1676 with a fortune of nine thousand pounds. Firmin's business was left in the hands of his nephew and partner, Jonathan James, and, luckily for Firmin, James had strength of character enough to somewhat restrain the generosity of his uncle. Henceforth Firmin devoted his life to the service of the poor, the needy, and the oppressed.

His first act was to build what he termed his "workhouse" in Little Britain. This was no other than a linen factory at which he employed no less than one thousand seven hundred spinners, besides dressers and weavers. But the scheme, from a pecuniary point of view, was a failure. For years Firmin lost heavily out of his private purse, though he did not permit his workers to suffer. His method was to supplement the scanty wage of those times by bonuses in coal and corn to such as deserved. Previously he had erected near the river a large storehouse for corn and coal, which commodities in times of scarcity he retailed to the poor at cost price. Firmin never pauperised. Later the "Patentees of the Linen Manufacture" took



FIRMIN'S MONUMENT IN MARDEN PARK, SURREY.

over Firmin's "workhouse," but finding it, as he found it, unworkable, threw it on his hands again in the course of a few months. To the day of his death Firmin managed to keep the concern going. True, he economised personally in every way. His coach was put down and his private expenditure minimised. A few friends helped him in his labours, but the general public subscribed not. The Press, such as it



FIRMIN'S TABLET IN THE CLOISTER OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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“A LADY OF QUALITY.”

Photographs by Byron, New York.



CLORINDA WILDAIRS FENCING TO AMUSE HER FATHER'S GUESTS.



CLORINDA RECEIVES AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day! What thrills of delight do the very words send running up and down the spine of the normal American child.

He does not think of the day as an "institution," not he. He merely regards it as an excuse for a glorious holiday in the midst of what otherwise would have been a barren waste of school drudgery unbroken by an oasis until Christmas.

If you asked him, he would probably be able to rattle off to you a perfunctory history of the great Day (it should always be spelled with a capital—when in America), informing you that, in the old Puritan times,

custom, grace the other end of the "groaning board," a pig is also set aside from his fellows to be made sleek and luscious by a special course of feeding. Various ramifications of the family, from far and wide, are invited to come and eat Thanksgiving dinner at the old homestead while the harvests are still greenly waving in the meadows, the pumpkins are small primrose-coloured balls, and the cranberries unpicked in their native marshes.

Then the mincemeat for the pies (which will figure again at Christmas) must be made, and left to mellow in its bath of brandy, at least six weeks before the eventful day. No wonder the children's mouths begin to water, even in scorching August, when they call up visions of the time to come!



Thanksgiving was none other than the transplanted Harvest Home festival of Old England, set somewhat later in the year, because the American autumn does not close in, with its ripening of grapes and its yellowing of huge golden pumpkins (indispensable to Thanksgiving), until the end of October.

He would tell you, too, if you persisted in asserting your rights as a "grown-up," that after the separation of the United States from the Mother Country, a proclamation was made altering the annual celebration of the Harvest Home into a festival more individual to the country, the day being appointed yearly by the President. Woe be unto that autocrat, however, should he venture, for the satisfaction of his own or someone else's whim, upon using his prerogative to alter the date, which since time out of mind has been the last Thursday in November. He would have the legal right, if he chose, to make it the first Thursday in December, or any other which seemed good unto him; but, should he do so, not one of the little boys and girls who are taught to pray for him every night of their lives but would promptly mutiny—especially the little boys and girls of that large and pleasant tract of country known as New England.

It is there, in New England, that Thanksgiving Day means even more, if possible, than Christmas, not only to the little ones, but to children of a larger growth, and to the old people most of all. Boston and a few of the larger towns may be a little *blasé*, or wish to seem so, at this *fin-de-siècle* period of the world's history, and, of course, it is the fashion to smile indulgently, with a shrug of the shoulders, at time-honoured institutions. But in the villages and the farming country Thanksgiving Day is prepared for months in advance.

This sounds like an exaggeration, but it is not so. In the spring, the farmer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of turkey, and the bird which is to form the family's Thanksgiving feast is then selected, to be fattened with particular care. As a noble ham must, according to ancient



Reproduced from the New York "World."

They are allowed sometimes to help in the decoration of the country church, where the Thanksgiving sermon will be preached (in much the same words whether the year has been bad or good), and there is great joy in piling up armfuls of red and yellow eared American corn among sheaves of wheat, branches of purple grapes, and ruddy-cheeked apples (to say nothing of the pumpkins) against the chancel rail.

Often a party of twenty or thirty relatives will sit down on Thanksgiving Day round the long table at a generous farmhouse, and the Thanksgiving atmosphere would be nipped with frosty chill did not the feast consist of these

viands, to say the very least. First, oyster-soup, made with cream. Then turkey, ham, and ducks, with celery, and every vegetable obtainable, and, above all, rich cranberry-sauce, which no one save an American cook understands the art of making. Pumpkin-pie, yellow with eggs and cream, mince-pie, fruit, and nuts must follow, and no little boy would think he had given thanks properly

unless the buttons of his waistcoat were like to burst. In the Southern States (as the New York *World* notes), where of late years the day has become a strong rival to Christmas, the bill of fare is apt to be lengthened by the addition of such tasty side-dishes as canvas-back ducks with currant-jelly, and a brown Smithfield ham is almost sure to flank the roasted turkey. Corn-pudding and sweet potatoes, too, are likely to be in the array of vegetables. The Southern table always reflects the generosity of the Southern soil. Thanks to the railroads and their refrigerator-cars, the toothsome canvas-back duck is available for the Northern as well as the Southern table for those who want it. That makes a pretty good bill of fare, you will see. For the Old England Christmas brings its joys and toys, but even in these degenerate days the New Englander of patriotic spirit would give his vote for Thanksgiving as a day of family reunion and a national institution.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

ART FOR CHILDREN.

That phrase, "Art for Children," has a dubious sound, even as its companion, "Literature for Children," strikes a somewhat uncertain

note on the keyboard of human emotion, for the problem is still to be completely solved as to whether the child or the grown-up takes more delight in that which is generally recognised by the world of these days as composed for the child exclusively. The child as a subject of art is, of course, as old as the oldest painters. Those two wonderful children whom Raffaele painted into his famous Madonna picture, to-day known as "The Dresden Madonna," have now during some centuries crumbled away, dying, let us hope, as particularly old men—they were certainly healthy children—when their mortal hour came. Nevertheless, the deliberate appeal to the child himself is a more modern growth, a more modern instinct of the race. Raffaele's delightful boys have been interesting to us in just the same way as, to take a modern example, Sir John Millais' "Bubbles" is engrossing—interesting, that is, to men and women, but a matter of profound indifference to children. The question at the present moment is the interest of the modern child.

What, then, is to please the child in art?

It is a problem that can clearly be solved only by experience. And even experience differs so widely in the results of experiments by

which one may test the child's sense of fun that one can only attempt to work for the majority. To take one instance. A mother assured the present writer that the song of the "Pobble" who "has no toes" never caused even the ghost of a smile upon the faces of her quite gay enough brood. Well, the present writer, to test by a more general experience, tried it upon the small boy of another family. In this instance the Pobble was a huge and unadulterated success, receiving, I believe, the great honour of a

committal to memory, so that the jokes might always be at hand when needed. It is easy, then, to say what is certain to be refused by all children; it is not so easy to discover exactly what will as certainly be accepted.

It is curious, and when you come to think of it, natural enough, that this modern tendency to provide amusement for and out of the child in art and letters has, to a very large extent, fallen into the hands of very capable women artists and writers. Indeed, the fashion surely came in with Kate Greenaway and her most charmingly arrayed children, always set among surroundings so delightful. And here is a batch of four children's books just published, three of which have been illustrated by the clever pencils of ladies, the fourth by Mr. Charles Robinson. Mr. Robinson illustrates a book of fairy-tales by Barrington MacGregor in his daintiest and airiest manner, so far as the lesser illustrations go, and with wonderful and elaborate fancy in the whole-page drawings. Speaking hesitatingly, for reasons already given, I should be inclined to say that, so far as children's own appreciation goes, it will be the less ambitious sketches which will appeal to them. The rabbits, the fish, and, above all, the child and the monkeys of "The Dandelion Clock" should surely amuse the youngest creature capable of being amused.



A LITTLE MOTHER.—HILDA COWHAM.



CLARIBELLE POOH-POOHS THE SUGGESTION THAT SHE SHOULD CALL ON THE FARTHING DOLL.

Drawn by Miss Alice Woodward for "Adventures in Toyland."

Mr. Robinson belongs to a family of artists, two of his brothers also being his colleagues in art.

Of the other books there is one of the most delightful possible surely, Miss Edith King-Hall's "Adventures in Toyland," illustrated by Miss Alice Woodward. Here, at all events, it seems possible to make a confident prediction, for to any child that loves toys—and what child does not?—this is actually the toy of his delight set before him in colour and in black-and-white. Miss Woodward has studied with effect the precise character and limitations of toys in all their variety. Mrs. Percy Dearmer's illustrations, again, to Evelyn Sharp's "All the Way to Fairyland" are again exquisitely tender and pretty. Many readers will remember "Wymps," which was illustrated by the same artist. "All the Way to Fairyland" strikes one as being even more accomplished and sympathetic. There is a boldness, a sweep in the drawing, that is very effective. All these books are published by John Lane. Finally, there is *Hood's Annual*, in which a single story by John Le Breton, telling the adventures of Jesse and Stoompey, has been illustrated by Hilda Cowham with an exquisite humour and intelligence. Miss Cowham's work is familiar to the readers of *Pick-Me-Up*, and she has appeared once, or twice in the pages of *The Sketch*. She has invented a delightful convention of childhood—the little girl with long, black, silhouetted legs, such as you see in the sketch by Miss Cowham reproduced here. This is a mannerism, but it is not the sole merit of her work, for in *Hood's Annual* she adopts other methods. As an illustrator of children's books Miss Cowham has undoubtedly a future before her.



THE COVER OF "ALL THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND."

Designed by Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS SPENDS CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is one of the bright spots in a soldier's life. It is a red-letter day, and brings all his good qualities to the front. A year without its Christmas would mean a serious blow to the *esprit de corps*, for Christmas is also the one great factor of content. The spirit of Christmastide is not lost on the Army, and for the following year Tommy's ruffled soul is soothed by the remembrance of the many little acts of courtesy and kindness that had passed between all ranks. It may be a simple thing, for instance, for a Colonel to enter a barrack-room and drink his men's health with *their own* wine, but that simple act represents a great deal. The manner in which it is done is remembered for long, and half-a-dozen kindly words at Christmastide before now has bound up not only Tommy's body, but his soul.

Generally the first intimation that Christmas is coming is the stoppage of extras. To a soldier that is not much of a hardship, for he is quite accustomed to jog along without butter and jam. But, then, this is a special occasion, and the mess-book must be kept in credit. Besides, two months is not a very long time, and "Christmas is coming." So with a cheerful mind Tommy settles himself down to "slingers" twice a-day. "Slingers," by the way, are long strips of bread dipped in tea, and are so called from their likelihood of being a very formidable weapon if slung in the face of an enemy. Every regiment, of course, has its own way of celebrating Christmas. In some corps the men agree to give so much per head towards the expenses of the dinner, which forms the most important item on Christmas Day. In other regiments the company officers, in the language of Mr Thomas Atkins, "stand the feed," but that is a mere detail. The fact remains that Christmas is held in high festival, and is enjoyed.

As the day approaches the barrack-rooms assume a more than usual appearance. In odd corners there are bundles of flaring colours. Every man is trying to rival his neighbour in making a larger paper chain, destined very likely to be hung from the ceiling of the room in which the dinner is held. Some handy man is, perhaps, manufacturing paper shields on which appear the names of his regiment's battles. Another man may be crimping tissue-paper rosettes, and still another arranging a star of bayonets. A flutter of excitement is caused by battalion orders:

They give forth that so many pounds has been granted from the canteen funds, and that, to foster a proper Christmas spirit, the Colonel has decided to give a prize to the company with the best-decorated rooms. This is supplemented by the captains of companies, who offer prizes to the best-decorated rooms in their companies. Then the real work begins. Prize or no prize, every company is determined that it will not be beaten by another company. Everything is dragged into use for decoration—cotton-wool, padding of old tunics, tunics themselves, rifles, bayonets, meat-dishes. If the neighbourhood boasts of trees, some of the more daring spirits sally out on a foraging expedition. There is nothing Tommy likes better than a foraging expedition. On the present occasion it may be tame enough, but he devoutly hopes the day will come when he has to do something more dangerous than haul a few green boughs into a room, only to beat his countrymen. Day and often part of the night the work of decoration goes on. In time the rooms look magnificent, particularly the one set apart for the dinner. As the work proceeds in the evening a roar of laughter may be heard from a corner of the barrack-room. One may see four or five heads in close consultation. It is some of the wags discussing how they are to surprise their comrades on Christmas evening. They will dress up like such and such, and have a good lark. Perhaps they are there and then concocting a play. A couple of blankets hung across the room will do for the drop-scene, a barrack-room table for the proscenium, and a drawn-out charpoy will represent a cliff, a precipice, or anything required to facilitate the sudden disappearance of the villain in the third act.

The colour-sergeant or troop sergeant-major has a busy time with his company or troop. He is really the responsible person, although much of the hard work falls on the non-commissioned officer in charge

of the company mess-book. A committee is formed to lighten the labours of these N.C.O.'s, and great is the discussion as to the correct number of the "duffs," turkeys, geese, &c. Last year they had so many, and perhaps it would be better to put So-and-So to pick the raisins, because he does not care for them. With such little cares the time rolls on, and with the approach of Christmas Day two men stand pre-eminent—the cook and the colour-sergeant's bātmān. The cook is awful in his majesty. It is his hour of triumph, and he lets his "flag" know, in tones of great responsibility, that he requires half-a-dozen more men—two to "peel the spuds," one to watch the roast, another to look after the ham, while he himself makes up the "duff." The other two men, he knows from the experience of many Christmases, will act as reliefs to the others whenever they feel inclined to dodge to the canteen for "the first to-day." The bātmān, prior to Christmas, generally has charge of the keys of the beer-barrels, and, at least, it is better to keep on his soft side, because he generally knows where to get a "morning" on Dec. 26. If stationed in a garrison town with a Scottish regiment, the English Tommy considers himself lucky, because "Jock" does not recognise Christmas. He keeps the New Year (with a vengeance), and does the guard duties and fatigues on Christmas Day, the compliment being returned on New Year's Day by his English comrades. So everyone is pleased. But if duty has to be done, some of the best traits of Tommy's character come to the front. Ungrudgingly he mounts guard, knowing full well that he will see none of the fun, not even the

room he worked so hard at to decorate. But his comrades do not forget him. An extra slice of ham goes to the man on duty, an extra leg of a fowl, extra duff, extra beer, extra everything. And the comrade who carries the Christmas dinner to the guard-room whispers surreptitiously, "All right, old pal; the boys are to smuggle some beer to you in the evening." This is said by way of a secret, but everybody knows, for does not everybody's chum whisper the same great communication?

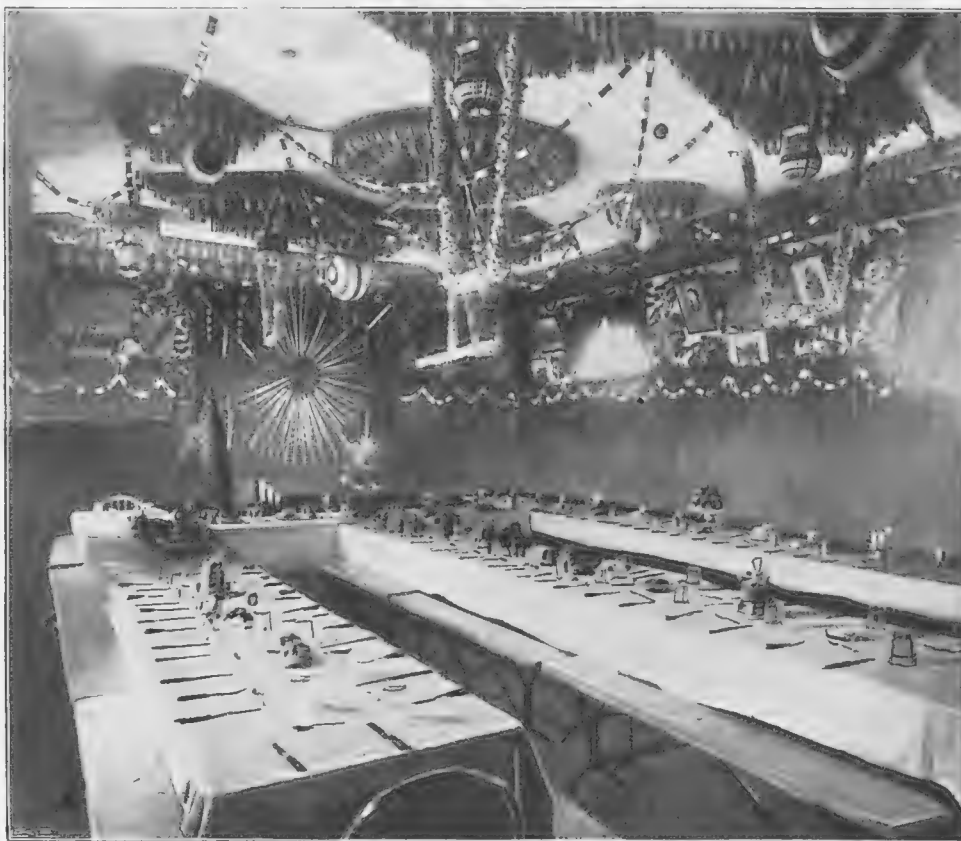
On Christmas Eve the fun is fast and furious. The canteen is crammed. All the singers are there, and they get a Christmas cheer. The Waits serenade, and in the early morning, as Christmas is ushered in, the fife-and-drum band lilt along the square. After breakfast the band does another round of the camp and barracks, paying visits to favourite regiments. One of the most touching incidents of *camaraderie* between regiments

occurred not long ago at the Curragh, when on Christmas morning the fife-and-drum band of the Wiltshire Regiment marched round the lines of the Gordon Highlanders and across the Gordon Square playing "Hielan Laddie." Then, as if by magic, the coatless (and trouserless) Gordons trundled out of the huts and shouted themselves hoarse to the answering cheer of the athletic Wilts. Afterwards the Wilts invited the Gordons to dinner, the Gordons did the same to the Wilts on New Year's Day, and pandemonium, consistent with the Queen's Regulations, reigned supreme.

After church parade, the companies take their places at the tables in their respective barrack-rooms. All Christmas fare is there. The married people are specially invited, or have a party by themselves, and at the end of the table, in a conspicuous position, is the wine. The appearance of the captain (if a favourite) is the signal for a burst of cheering. He drinks the health of the company, compliments the men on their decorations, and by his smile makes a hundred hearts happy. Then the colonel appears, is greeted, and leaves after the usual toasts. Up to this point matters may have been somewhat straitlaced, but, on the disappearance of the officers, Tommy expands. Everybody is cheered. A stranger from another regiment is killed with kindness. There is beer galore, and after the dinner is over this is the chorus—

Away to the old canteen, me boys,	And when we're in the old canteen
Will be our battle cry;	We'll prove we are the best;
Away to the old canteen, me boys,	We're the boys to stop the bullets
We'll drink before we die;	With the four-ale on our chest.

And so the evening draws to a close, but not without a thought of comrades in every part of the world, who may not know the difference between Christmas and the worst day of their lives. And on the morrow *réveille* sounds as usual.



THE BARRACK-ROOM OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Photo by J. Thomson, Fermoy.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPE.

Christmas at the Cape is a season of picnicking and merry-making. When we poor mortals in cold and foggy England are gathered about the bright fireside, our brothers and sisters in Cape Colony are enjoying themselves in the open and basking in the warm—sometimes too warm—sunshine.



A PICNIC IN THE PERIE FOREST.

Christmastide at the Cape is perhaps the hottest season of the year there—very considerably hotter than our average English summer—and naturally everybody wants to get away from the towns and trek to some favourite holiday resort. Visitors from all parts of the colony, and from the neighbouring republics as well, make for the coast; and a popular resort at Christmastide with the dwellers of dusty Johannesburg is the rising port of East London. Here, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, a magnificent stretch of sandy beach is washed by the waters of the Indian Ocean, and to this favoured spot, at Christmas-time, come colonists with their tents and waggons, preferring a week or a fortnight under canvas to the more or less indifferent accommodation provided by the hotels in the town. For the time being the beach becomes a veritable city of tents. Whole families may be seen crowding together under canvas, and in some instances the buck-waggon that has brought these good folks hither many miles from the interior is utilised as a sleeping-apartment. Hitherto these holiday-makers have been allowed to pitch their tents without rent or fee of any kind, but this year the City Fathers at East London have given notice that a charge of half-a-crown per "lot" per week will be imposed. A "lot," by the way, measures forty feet by thirty feet. A water service has been laid on, and largely increased accommodation provided, refuse of all kinds being removed daily by the Town Council's contractor. When the last mail left, arrangements were being made for the establishment of a post and telegraph office at the camp.

East London is, perhaps, the most ideal place of any coast town in the Cape Colony for the Christmas holiday-maker. Of late years the Municipal authorities of the "Fighting Port," as East London is called, have devoted considerable attention to its sea-front. An excellent macadamised road has been laid down near the beach, and other roads leading to the town have been made or are in process of formation. On the beach, too, private enterprise has constructed an admirable hotel. Cottages are rising here and there, and there is scarcely any doubt that within the next few years the ground dotted with tents, as shown in the picture,

will be covered with villa residences. Whether the increase of buildings will enhance the picturesqueness of this part of East London remains to be seen. The bathing here is excellent, although one has to be careful of the strong currents which abound. The bather has, too, to exercise some amount of caution, for these lovely waters of the Indian Ocean are infested with sharks. Bathing-machines are conspicuously absent. Rowing-boats are not numerous, and the great excitement of the holiday season is the crossing of the bar by the venturesome in the little steam-tugs that ply between the river and the liners in the roadstead. The other day H.M.S. *Powerful* called at East London, and half the town braved the bar and boarded her. Fishing, of course, is largely indulged in by the holiday folk, and many and curious are the finny treasures wrested from Father Neptune.

Given fine weather—and fine weather is rather the rule than the exception in Cape Colony—a most delightful time can be spent by the tent-dwellers. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto, and, as East London is innocent of the more *blasé* pleasures of an English watering-place, but few lights are to be seen in any of the tents after nine or ten o'clock at night. Of the "inner life" of tentdom at East London at Christmas-time some amusing stories are told. There are no fleas there—at least, there are none on the beach—but snakes are not altogether unknown, while the irritating bug-like "tick" is responsible for many a bad quarter of an hour among the juveniles.

Another delightful spot in British Kaffraria, as this part of Cape Colony is called, largely resorted to at Christmas-time, is the Perie Forest, at the foot of the glorious Amatola Mountains, some ten or twelve miles from the pretty little borough of King William's Town. Whole families trek thither at Yuletide with their ox-waggons, and camp out for days, or perhaps weeks, at a stretch. The scenery thereabouts is of the most delightful description. Crystal-like streams of icy coldness spring from the mountain-sides, their banks being covered with exquisite specimens of the fern family—from the tender, delicate maidenhair to the majestic tree-fern. Blue-buck and other beautiful four-footed creatures find a home in the recesses of the forest, the silence of which is broken only by the harsh, unfamiliar echo of some unseen member of the feathered tribe. Of late years trout have been successfully introduced into these mountain streams, and the King William's Town Acclimatisation Society looks forward to the time when devotees of Walton will be attracted to the Perie trout-streams from all parts of South Africa. Sometimes the thickly wooded mountain-slopes will catch fire, and the Christmas holiday-maker will be treated to a magnificent spectacle of burning timber. Of course, Christmas-time is equally a period of festivity for the local sons of Ham, who have a keen eye for the flesh-pots of their white brethren.



CHRISTMAS AT EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY.



MISS KATE RORKE AS MARION HUME IN "THE WHITE HEATHER,"
AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



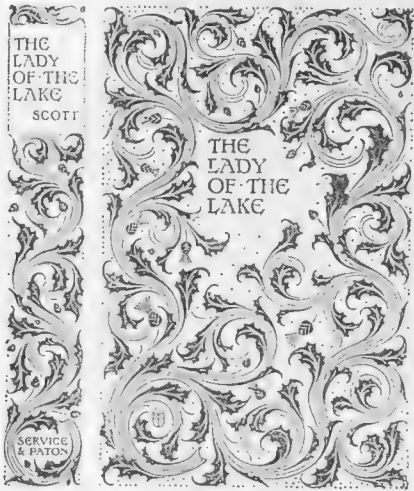
MISS BEATRICE LAMB AS LADY HERMIONE DE VAUX IN "THE WHITE HEATHER,"

AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER HAKER STREET, N.W.

SOME PRETTY REPRINTS.

Every generation not only gets its own new books written for it, but it reprints the old ones that pleased its forefathers in a style suited to its own taste.



COVER OF "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

A Morris lived in this generation, and, though his own practice as a printer was too peculiar ever to become popular, yet his example has recreated the art of *format* which England had lost sight of for many years. Youth is perhaps the best quality for the publisher who means to do this most effectively, for it is not easy for the older traveller to take a new turning on the road. Youth, at any rate, is the privilege of Messrs. Service and Paton, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, who have practically built their business in a very short time on a series of admirable reprints of some popular classics. Their "Illustrated English Library" is an admirable series, which

costs only half-a-crown a volume, and engages the best black-and-white artists of the time to the extent of sixteen illustrations for each volume. Thus it has availed itself of the services of Lancelot Speed, F. H. Townsend, C. E. Brock, E. J. Sullivan, Sidney Paget, Arthur Rackham, and Fred Pegram, who has illustrated the latest issue, "The Bride of Lammermoor." The series has included Thackeray, Kingsley, Charlotte Brontë, Lytton, and Lever, and is capable of infinite development. For this Christmas season Messrs. Service and Paton have issued the most beautiful edition of "The Lady of the Lake," which Mr. C. E. Brock has embellished with twenty-four drawings, which Mr. Lang has edited, and which the Constables, of Edinburgh, have printed. The subject is one after Mr. Lang's own heart, and, if his preface is slight, it makes easy reading. The poem first appeared in May 1810 in a lordly quarto, Scott receiving two thousand guineas for it. In the preface to it which Scott wrote in 1830, and which is reprinted in the present edition, Waverley made a curious reference



CALEB BALDERSTONE AND THE MASTER OF RAVENSWOOD.
From "The Bride of Lammermoor"

to his "reign (since Byron has so called it)." To-day one fancies "The Lady of the Lake" is more familiar to readers than "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan." Such is the result of the whirligig. The notes at the end of the poem are elaborate and very useful, introducing the reader by delightful indications to a whole library of enthralling romance. After the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," the world, as Mr. Lang remarks, "prowled into the Macgregor country, and the price of coach-hire was raised." Jamieson, the lexicographer, met an old guide from the north side of Ben Lomond, who said, "That damned Walter Scott that everybody makes such a work about, I wish I had him to ferry over Loch Lomond; I should be after sinking the boat, for ever since he wrote 'The Lady of the Lake' everybody goes to see that filthy hole Loch Katrine." Finally, one must call attention to the excellent edition of Hawthorne,



Reproduced from "The Lady of the Lake."

which Mr. Moncreu Conway is editing, and Mr. F. H. Townsend illustrating. This edition is very pretty, and is wonderfully cheap.

THE BOOK OF BARNATO.*

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Why did Mr. Harry Raymond write this book, and, if impelled to write it, why did he not do better with such good material to found his work upon? These questions are hard to answer. Poor "Barney" has gone to the grave, and with him, at least, it cannot be said "Men's vices we write in brass, their virtues we write in water." The recollection of the faults is subdued by thought of the sudden death that came upon a man in the pride of his life, of the irony of fate that permitted him to achieve so much and enjoy so little. Why, then, when what is past has almost been forgotten, should Mr. Raymond come forward with a picture of the dead financier that in no way resembles the original? Nobody who knew "Barney" in the early days of London, in Kimberley, and in Johannesburg, or in the latter days at Spencer House and the City, can fail to see that the man of the memoir and the man of real existence have little or nothing in common.

Barnato was a most curious combination. He was a daring speculator, to whom "spoof," as he himself called it, was the very essence of life; cunning, audacity, good-nature, each of these characteristics was uppermost in turn; no one was ever far from the surface. Above all, the man was by nature a Bohemian, and by habit an Ishmaelite; he thought every man's hand was against him, and in financial dealings his hand was against all men. The actor's art was innate with him; few men knew when or how to take him seriously, and yet those who were with him often, and saw how readily real distress touched his heart and opened his pocket, learned to like him in spite of everything. The man as he was, the quick changes of his character and attitude, the light and shade of his many moods, are absolutely wanting in the memoir.

Mr. Raymond devotes many of the few pages of his work to Barnato's speeches. Does not Mr. Raymond know that these speeches were written by others and learned by heart by the man who delivered them? I grant that the points were clearly laid down by Barnato himself, but even then the speeches are not worth preserving. The amalgamation of the De Beers interest is mentioned; we are not told how nearly the delay in that amalgamation threatened Barnato with a financial crisis that all his shrewdness could not avert. And yet that incident had a marked effect upon his character.

Again, in the time of the great "slump," we learn much of the dead financier's heroism in bolstering up a falling market. Surely the man who attempts to write a memoir of Mr. Barnato's life should know that he lost three millions then because the other great financial houses would not support him, although he thought they would, and that the knowledge of how he, the smartest of smart men, had been caught and overreached did much to increase his illness and bring about his untimely end. The Raid, too, was one of Barnato's great troubles. He knew nothing of its inception, and, when the trouble was at its worst, did much good work between Pretoria and Johannesburg. Some of the people concerned in the bogus undertaking found it more difficult to face Barnato than Kruger, for poor "Barney" had a fluent tongue, and, when he had a distinct grievance and was duly indignant, could deliver home truths with a force and sting that made strong men very uncomfortable. He felt strongly on the subject of the Raid, and acted in accordance with his feelings. His extraordinary insight into the situation made him grasp the fact that Dr. Jameson's disastrous mistake had put the clock of South African progress several years back, that in a newly developed country general ruin might and probably would result. His outspoken remarks upon the Raid and its promoters were characteristic of the man, and showed that, when no public or private interests demanded the diplomacy he understood so well, he could be a very trenchant critic. The Raid and the "slump" played havoc with a strong constitution that had never been allowed a fair chance. Those who knew Barnato best know that the year 1895 sealed his fate, for in that year he realised that he had met his match, and his great self-reliance had hitherto always sustained him.

All these matters, and some others even more significant in regard to which Mr. Raymond acts as an apologist, would not have called for mention if they had been left alone. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a maxim that may be carried too far. The careers that flourish in the early days of huge cities, amid extraordinary discoveries of mineral wealth, are seldom altogether creditable; certain it is that the less we hear about them the better. They tend to demoralise weak minds, to unsettle once modest ambitions, while the men who rise on the crest of a sudden success have usually much to forget.

Mr. Raymond has drawn something like a hero; the late Barney Barnato was nothing of the kind. It would be hard to find one among the men who have fought and laboured as he did, and who may call upon the memorialist at any moment. One may fairly say that Barnato was no worse than his competitors; that in moments of impulse he was extremely generous and kind-hearted; that there was in him nothing of the snob and everything of the Bohemian; that he worked like a galley slave for a huge fortune he was destined never to enjoy; that life forsook him when most men have many decades of happiness left before them. And yet, when all is said and done, the conclusion forces itself upon the people who know the truth—silence is best. There are many of poor Barnato's "pals," as he called them, of whom one might fairly write with a sharper pen. Perhaps biographies are waiting for some of them. The present scribe would never have written about the faults and failings of poor dead "Barney" but for his injudicious panegyrist.

* "B. I. Barnato. A Memoir." By Harry Raymond. London: Isbister and Co.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



“WHICH HAND WILL YOU HAVE?”



WHAT CHRISTMAS OUGHT TO BRING US, THOUGH IT DOESN'T.



JONES (6 ft. 2 in.) to BROWN (5 ft. 5 in.): Charming old cottage this of yours; quite the real thing—oak beams, low ceilings, and every artistic discomfort. Good-bye!

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

BY MRS. DYKE.

A London sitting-room. CELIA, seated at a piano, singing. CONSTANCE, her sister, installed near the window, sewing energetically upon a large piece of white work. She hardly allows CELIA to strike the last chord before she breaks in.

CONSTANCE. There, now! I have run up a whole seam while you have sung that once through.

CELIA (*good-naturedly, without turning round*). Bravo! (*Turns the pages of her music-book.*)

CONSTANCE *More singing?*

CELIA. *More sewing?*

CONSTANCE (*raising her voice and breaking her needle*). There is some use in what I do, while you . . . I can't understand how people can waste their time so!

CELIA. You see, I am not infected with the do-something-with-an-immediate-result fever. There are many useful occupations the use of which is not visible to the naked eye.

CONSTANCE. Well, if I am not allowed to be superior to you even in practical things—

CELIA. And who ever said you were not superior to me in all things?

CONSTANCE (*softened*). Nonsense, dear! . . . though perhaps (*sewing very fast*) one person may be so deluded as to think so.

CELIA (*wheeling round on the piano-stool, with a smile*). And the name of that person is—Smythe?

CONSTANCE (*angrily*). Who cares what Mr. Smythe thinks?

CELIA (*laughing*). Oh, you cruel deceiver! I am sure he believes in you! (*Seriously.*) I like him very much, Constance.

CONSTANCE. So do I. But one could not marry him, could one? (*Pause.*)

CELIA. I am all anxiety to know the name of the other person who has the good sense to acknowledge your superiority over me.

CONSTANCE (*laughing nervously*). Oh, nonsense, child!

[CELIA rises and walks to the window.

CELIA. It's a lovely day. I think I'll go out.

CONSTANCE (*authoritatively*). No; sit down. I want to talk to you.

CELIA. And I want to listen. I only proposed going out because I thought I was not wanted.

[She sits opposite CONSTANCE, and looks at her.

CONSTANCE (*uneasily*). Do do something, can't you, while we talk?

[CELIA takes a piece of embroidery lying on the table, and works slowly and carefully.

CONSTANCE (*her needle flying and her cheeks flushed*). What do you think of Mr. Henderson, Celia?

CELIA (*calmly*). I think him good-looking.

CONSTANCE. Sincere? Honourable?

CELIA. Yes.

CONSTANCE. Clever?

CELIA. I am not a very good judge of that. Yes, I should think he was clever.

CONSTANCE (*nervously*). They say he's risen from the ranks. (*Silence.*)

CONSTANCE. In spite of that, he is a gentleman. He (*feeling her way*)—don't you think he puts one a little in mind of—John Halifax?

CELIA (*taken off her guard, with a little cry*). My goodness, Constance, no! Not like that conventional, stilted prig!

CONSTANCE (*shocked*). Well, how anyone can help loving and admiring John Halifax is more than I can understand!

CELIA (*discouraged*). There are such lots of things you cannot understand.

CONSTANCE. Polite, very! I return the compliment (*with rising anger*). You don't know the harm you do yourself in many people's eyes by speaking to me as you do sometimes—me, your eldest sister. Mr. Henderson, for instance. (*She sends a keen glance.*)

CELIA. Go on. What has Mr. Henderson said? It is rather ungentlemanly, rather unlike him, to make a remark to you about me. (*Pause.*) Well (*a little impatiently*), what did he say?

CONSTANCE. Oh, he said nothing, but once he looked. I might as well tell you that, though he and I are not engaged, yet—(*CELIA's eyes open wide*)—I think he will very probably make his offer very soon. You know how often he comes, and as he knows you are not eligible—

CELIA. Knows—I (*severely*)? What have you said to him, Constance? (*She throws her work aside and sits nursing her right knee and looking straight at CONSTANCE.*)

CONSTANCE (*evasively*). Oh, he once or twice questioned me about you, long ago.

CELIA. I don't believe that—quite.

CONSTANCE. And I told him about your engagement and poor Dick's tragic death.

CELIA (*with set teeth*). Go on.

CONSTANCE. He said—oh, well, he said that explained your seeming to live so much in the past, and he supposed you would never marry; and, of course, I made it a point to say you could never care for anyone in the same way again. You may be sure I spoke plainly. Was not I right?

CELIA (*faintly*). Quite right. How long ago was that?

CONSTANCE. Oh, months ago. He's forgotten all about it, I daresay.

CELIA. Do you think so?

CONSTANCE (*with an effort*). Do you know, sometimes I think I will

speak first. He so often alludes to his poverty. . . . I firmly believe he dare not come forward.

CELIA (*horrificed*). Oh, Constance!

CONSTANCE (*angrily*). There you are, you woman's rights women, always the same! It's all words, WORDS, WORDS with you. If anyone acts up to your principles you're up in arms in a minute.

CELIA (*unheeding*). Oh, Constance, you couldn't! . . . Surely you— If I thought you could do such a thing, I would go right away out of the house this very moment. But, of course, you could not do it really.

CONSTANCE (*desperately*). It—it's already done. I expect an answer every moment.

[CELIA, with a cry, rushes out of the room.

CONSTANCE (*alone, walking up and down excitedly*). Of course he wants me, and it will be all right in the end. How pale Celia looked! Oh dear! I wish I were less impulsive! Whatever made me tell her?

[Enter maid, with two letters on a silver tray. CONSTANCE waits for the door to close, and tears open one of them. Reads aloud.

"Pray, Constance, do not try to see me before I leave the house. My address for some time will be 'Poste Restante, Maryac, Finistère, France.' I am going to that small hole to hide because I am ashamed. Your miserable

"Celia."

[Throws it down angrily, and turns to the other letter, which she reads aloud likewise.

"My dear Miss Conway,—I received a letter from you half-an-hour ago. I hope it contained nothing important, for I regret to say that I inadvertently destroyed it in destroying other papers. I have had such an amount of fatigue lately that I am availing myself of a short holiday to run away. You are among the few people to whom I give my address: 'Poste Restante, Maryac, Finistère.' I am pretty safe to run across no acquaintances in that small hole.—With kind regards, yours sincerely, James Henderson." (*CONSTANCE tears both letters into shreds, and puts them in her pocket; then, with flaming cheeks, she flies to her desk and reads aloud as she writes.*) "My dear Mr. Smythe,—Excuse me for having so long kept you waiting for an answer to an all-important question you did me the honour of asking me three weeks ago. I feel that I cannot act more wisely than by answering you in the affirmative.—In the hope of seeing you soon, I remain, yours sincerely, Constance Conway." There, now! If that does not put their noses out of joint! . . . How Celia did take on, to be sure! . . . They'll meet in that small hole, of course. Let them! I cannot pretend to understand that sort of people.

"CONCERNING TEDDY."

In "Concerning Teddy" (Bowden), Mrs. Murray Hickson interests us after rather unappealing stages by the gentle and insistent force of atmosphere. Through much of the early ground, though the scenic suggestions are welcome, we follow her patiently, deeming her boys and girls—Teddy most of all—and her grown-ups somewhat unenlivening; unrealised, with scant magic. To be sure she is guiding us genially, and arranging her figures delicately, but where is the use, we ask, of such delicate concern with wooden actors? We are pleased or relieved when she reveals the scenic "asides"—there is a quiet but never wholly failing charm about the flutters and vague whispers of Nature in those undefined but vital and breathing country places. We welcome the more decided human touch in the tragedy of dreaming little Michael's doll-story, though the language here, as in several places elsewhere, is, to our thinking, unreal. When Michael wanders away in the rain-hung afternoon, we are interested in the "fairy" he finds; though the fairyland of all those children is rather parochial, bourgeois. The wonderland of their young lives is subtle, but they bump against the rude dykes and the heavy gates every minute. They strike us like a young generation, the first of a long line to whom poetry and fancy are given; but, as these are developing in gentle measure, the characteristics of stunted, farmyard-bounded generations break through and mar them. But with the hundred details of child, home, and holiday life, Mrs. Murray Hickson identifies herself with a simple, unaffected interest; she becomes as the little child, the growing inquirer, the frank, unexpected mind; and, gradually, those unambitious grooves and surroundings she touches with charm. Some of the figures, the actions, the talks, we might wish different; the setting and the tender artistic haze about it we could scarcely desire otherwise. They bring some of the pensive, far-off pleasure of lost childhood—which to many of us is perhaps most beautiful in retrospect.

MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

Photo by Vandyk.



A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

When publishers take to reviewing, the daily bread of some of us will look precarious. I received the other day a lively journal issued by a firm of publishers, who, in an editorial note, pleasantly summarised the shortcomings of the professional reviewers, and frankly announced that they intended to proclaim the merits of their own wares. The journal was chiefly made up of notices contributed by the authors of certain books, on the principle that the best critic of a work is the man who wrote it. I demur to this. The author has a conscience which may remind him of weak points, and there is a danger that he will discuss these in print if he can. I admit that in the first number of this new review no author was conspicuously guilty of this lamentable error. But conscience is untrustworthy; sometimes it sleeps; then, without warning, it is roused to feverish activity. Those publishers may find their authors, with one accord, abasing themselves before the public. In a new edition of one of his books Mr. Ruskin inserted candid foot-notes; for example, "When I wrote this I was an ass." Who can feel sure that any author, invited to review his own book, will not commit a similar indiscretion?

No; if the publishers take my humble advice they will do the reviewing with their own hands. The publisher's nature is more robust than the author's, not so prone to searchings of heart. You cannot imagine him appending to the advertisement of some book which has fallen flat this notice: "When I published this I was out of my mind." He is a man of solid judgment, undisturbed by that capricious literary talent which so often plays the deuce with the author's understanding. To the difference between genius and common sense do not the annals of literature bear melancholy witness? The publisher's judgment has accepted a book; why should not the same tribunal teach us to applaud its merits? Mr. Fisher Unwin, I regret to observe, is not yet alive to this. His new volume of "Good Reading" consists of extracts (made by the authors) from the books he has published this year. This is done, he remarks with pleasant humour, in imitation of "those modern reviewers who, in lieu of criticism, contribute a literary *réchauffé* or hash to the front pages of some of our journals." The hash, he thinks, can be better served by the original cooks from the well-known eating-house in Paternoster Square. Epicures, take warning! Unwin's prime cuts from the historical joint are the best! Unwin's poetical *entrées*! Unwin's romantic sausages and mashed! Don't forget T.F.U.! The old shop!!

This is spirited; but is Mr. Unwin well-advised about his hash? Have his authors made the most telling extracts? Is it really of more service to a novel to include a piece of it in this miscellaneous meal than to give it in judicious courses on a "front page" with "T. P.'s" most skilful dressing? Mr. O'Connor's literary article is not a jumble of quotations; it is a lucid exposition of the matter of a book and of its author's mind and art. Does Mr. Unwin imagine that his extracts, torn from the context and huddled together with little or no explanation, can compete with a "form of review" which he supposes to be written "in lieu of criticism"? Take two of his most brilliant authors, Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Benjamin Swift, who are represented by scenes from books like "The School for Saints" and "The Tormentor," which cannot be hashed in this way without injury both to scheme and spirit. No gentle skimmer of "Good Reading" will understand from this specimen of "The Tormentor" what Mr. Swift would be at. The reader may be "vastly intrigued," as Mr. Whistler would say, but will he want to read any more of it? And will he understand what Mr. Unwin means by "distrust of the professional critic," which makes us "independent of professional opinion and prefer to form our own by reading for ourselves"? A collection of shreds and patches is not less "professional," except in point of art, than a careful sketch of the original pattern. Are those "front pages" distrusted because they give us at least an intelligible idea of books which we have not read?

If publishers are dissatisfied with the "professional critic," let them, I repeat, write their own reviews without any affectation of "independent opinion." When they try to imitate "T. P.," they fall, as in Mr. Unwin's case, into distracted muddle. Let them bring out journals with clear and comprehensive titles, such as "What I Think of My Publications." The frankness of this would be captivating and its

novelty irresistible. We don't know enough about the personality of publishers. They are modest flowers, for the most part, content to bloom in bindings. Their portraits never adorn the shop-windows. It is the author who is interviewed, caressed, and flattered, while the publisher, when discovered in society, is generally in retirement behind the window-curtains at five o'clock tea. I want these recluses to be better known. Why does not some great social organiser start a movement for the Better Appreciation of Publishers? Tradition is unkind to them; popular misconception still hangs about their business. Why not dispel this by exhibiting them on a platform, and persuading them to sing at concerts? "Should he upbraid," sung by Mr. Unwin, accompanied on the piano by one of his authors, would touch a new spring of Christmas kindness.

Should he upbraid,
I'll answer with a smile.

The effect would be magnetic!

However, there is one morsel of "Good Reading" which gives me entire satisfaction. It is from "Margaret Forster," by George Augustus Sala. Open this book anywhere, and you revel at once in the genius of that remarkable man. There is a wonderful glimpse of him in Mrs. Sala's preface, where he is seen dictating his novel while he scans the illustrated papers. "It was his habit," I read with interest, "to perform this strange intellectual feat, or rather, feat of intellect, every working day of his life." Yes, as he turned over the pages of the *Queen*, he informed his faithful spouse and amanuensis that "the hotel was full to repletion," described Rome as "that very aged metropolis," and his hero as "handsomer than ever in a long pelisse, braided with black and lined with astrachan." But Mr. Unwin's morsel, prepared by Mrs. Sala, is "a perfect lunch." First, there were "olives stoned and the cavities filled with a mince of anchovy, yolk of hard-boiled egg, and butter, the olives being mounted on little discs of white of egg and crisp toast beneath, the whole surrounded by festoons of aspic jelly." There is a good deal more of this succulent prose, and then "a decanter of the rarest old Madeira—'Governor Fish,' I think—for the gentlemen." Is it possible that the Governor gave his illustrious name to the proverbial saying about "drinking like a fish"? Perhaps Mrs. Sala, who has inherited her husband's vast knowledge, can enlighten us. But I ask you to picture "G. A. S.," with the *Illustrated London News* in his grasp, weaving those festoons of aspic jelly before the wondering eyes of his wife. Strange intellectual feat, or rather, feat of intellect! I should think so!

You must not suppose that Mrs. Sala was a mere amanuensis. She had her own ideas of fiction, and she implored "George Augustus" to write "a simple little sketch of London society," showing up those "shams and hollownesses" which, like all profound observers, she never ceases to deplore. But he would not hear of it. He lighted a cigar, seized the *Gentlewoman*, and proceeded to dictate a tale of the supernatural. Like "his young friend, Miss Marie Corelli," he had views about Satan; he saw that dreaded personage as a police-inspector, who administers a potion to Jane Cakebread and makes her dream that she is Margaret Forster, the beautiful Australian heiress. I fear this will bring a cloud of odium on Scotland Yard. Timid people, who want to know the time, will be chary of asking the nearest policeman; but he will be pestered by tipsy old women, who yearn to dream that they are rich and young. Still, the introduction of Satan enabled "G. A. S." to sound his deep note of philosophy. "Ah! Principle of Evil—Principle of Evil, whence, and where, and why? And for how long?" I see him, as these memorable words fall from his lips, I see him lighting another cigar, and piercing with an eagle glance to the very heart of the *Lady's Pictorial*.

I question whether the principle of evil which baffled even "George Augustus" will always escape the analysis of the novelist. Mr. Frank Stockton, in "The Great Stone of Sardis," unravels two mysteries. His hero fits out a submarine expedition to the North Pole. By steaming under inconvenient ice, his boat arrives at the Pole, which is marked by a buoy, and formally annexed to the United States. Meanwhile, the happy inventor of this scheme is boring into the bowels of the earth. He makes a hole fourteen miles deep, and finds that the inside of the earth is composed of a vast diamond, fragments of which, worth a fabulous sum, he brings to the surface. After this Mr. Stockton ought to take the problem of evil in hand, and reduce it to its scientific proportions. Then the weary voice of the prophet, crying "Whence, and where, and why?" will fill our ears no longer with haunting sadness!

A FRENCH LADY LAWYER.

The Palais de Justice, in Paris, has rarely had so much to agitate it as when a slender young Frenchwoman upset its equilibrium by demanding to be allowed to take the oath as an advocate. Mdlle. Chauvin had passed her examinations successfully and brilliantly, and applied to the



MDLLE. CHAUVIN.
Photo by Piron, Paris.

Procurator of the Republic for admission to the Bar. On the day when the young aspirant attended the Court, there was a terrific crush, many being turned away, and in the enclosure, which might possibly, under ordinary circumstances, accommodate two hundred people, nearly five hundred were crowded. Never before was there seen such a gathering at the Bar. Not only all the young "stagiaires" had mustered in force, but the leaders of the Bar were there to a man.

There was great excitement when Mdlle. Chauvin arrived with her mother, and there was difficulty in clearing a passage for her; but she finally gained the place assigned to her, and took her seat close beside M. Guyon, her solicitor, laid out her documents, took off her hat, and was apparently quite

unconscious of the fact that she was the centre of attraction for all that excited and eager crowd.

There was perfect silence all over the Court, and everybody was eager with curiosity when the Clerk of the Court shouted, "Messieurs! La Cour!" and the Procurator of the Republic entered and took his seat. A dozen of Mdlle. Chauvin's young confrères came up one after the other, heard the Clerk recite the form of oath, raised their right hands, and said, "Je le jure," and they were full-fledged barristers, and Mdlle. Chauvin sat waiting and hoping. Then M. Guyon rose and read an address on behalf of his charge, praying the Court to allow Mdlle. Jeanne Chauvin, licentiate in law of the Faculty of Paris, to do likewise.

M. Bertrand, the Procurator-General, was known to be directly opposed to the young aspirant, but he did not meet the application with a direct negative. He stated his conclusions at length, and then announced that the decision should be postponed till later, his conclusion being that, if women were to be admitted to the Bar, it should be by an Act of the Legislature only. When the Procurator-General had finished, M. Périer, First President, requested Mdlle. Chauvin to address the Court, and this was what the eager crowd had been waiting for.

The young woman was as cool and collected as if she had been before the Court for years. Her address was from notes, and she spoke in a clear, resonant voice singularly pleasing to hear, and proceeded to controvert the conclusions of the Procurator-General in the spirit of a jurist rather than of an orator. She quoted freely from French law, Roman law, and custom, decrees of Parliament, and decisions of Supreme Court, and argued that the Law of Ventôse in the year twelve ought to apply to women as well as men. She concluded her speech by contending that a woman had as good a right to take a professional oath as thousands of her sex who were inspectors of labour, employed in the postal and telegraph service, and mistresses of tobacco-shops—all of whom were permitted to take an oath before they were admitted to practise their several employments.

When Mdlle. Chauvin had finished, many of the members of the Bar came to shake hands with her and tender their congratulations on her successful speech.

The following Thursday, however, all her hopes were dashed to the ground, for she was not allowed to take the oath, and, although she is, doubtless, far better qualified for admittance to the Bar than many men who are given the oath, she is obliged to waste her gifts in private, and try to live down the humiliating fact that she is a woman. In appearance this young lady is very pleasing. She is tall and graceful, with a very intelligent face, and much grace and ease of manner. She is entirely feminine in appearance, never affecting anything masculine in her attire or bearing.

She has always been a most enthusiastic student, and has taken full advantage of all the opportunities for higher education for women in France. She lives in a charming, refined home, and her mother is her constant companion. It is to be hoped that later the Courts of France will unbend a little and give this brilliant young woman an opportunity to show what she can do in the world of men.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

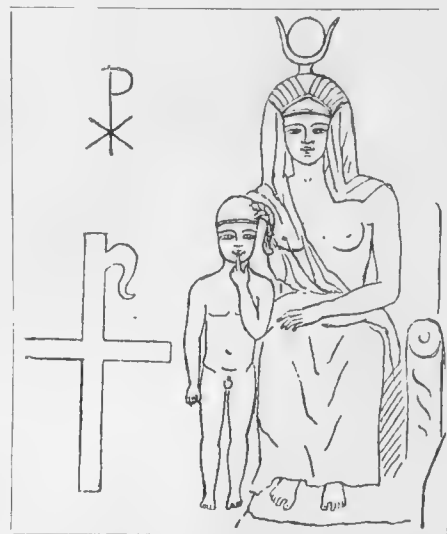
SOME MORE CHRIST PICTURES.

Many of my readers are doubtless acquainted with J. James Tissot's remarkable illustrations of the life of Christ, which have now been for a considerable time on view at the Lemer cier Gallery, New Bond Street. With the first volume of the published reproductions they may also possess some acquaintance, and will learn with interest that the second volume of this wonderful work is now ready and may be seen in the gallery where the originals have their present home. As may readily be surmised, even by those not professionally acquainted with the book-world, copies of a sixty-guinea book are not generally sent out for review. *Au contraire*, the reviewer is sent out, or goes out, to cast his critical eye upon the priceless page. Scenting good hunting, I accordingly visited the Lemer cier Gallery the other afternoon, when, by the kindness of the managers, I spent a good hour over the volume in question. Opinions differ, of course, over the artistic value of Tissot's work; some hold that there is more real devotional feeling in a single fresco by Giotto or in Rembrandt's "Disciples at Emmaus" than in all the present series, but it cannot be denied that, from a purely illustrative and educative point of view, Tissot has accomplished something that deserves to live, were it only as an exposition and reconstruction of life in Palestine at the opening of the Christian era. The imaginative sympathy and thorough knowledge which have combined to recreate the Judea of Christ's time from the Judea of to-day deserve well of the critic, even although he may not be in complete sympathy with the artist's method. To say that Tissot is to painting what George Tinworth is to plastic art may, or may not, be uncomplimentary. Allowing, however, for superior opportunity and knowledge on the part of the former, the parallel is sufficiently obvious, and yet not too obvious to bear mention. My readers who were interested in the Christ portraits I recently reproduced will view not wholly with indifference Tissot's ideal portrait, which is, no doubt, like all the artist's work in the series, a skilful and just fusion of data carefully pondered and functioned upon by sympathetic imagination. The entire series is the work of a mature mind; for Tissot, *mirabile dictu*, undertook his task at fifty, ten years ago. Of original imagination his most striking proof is the picture "What Christ Saw from the Cross," a remarkable instance of power "to shift one's centre," as George Eliot called it. Here the imaginative achievement is first in the attitude of mind, the picture itself, though suggestive, falling into a secondary place before the daring of the conception. The figures are, of course, of this world, hence the success of the composition. When Tissot attempts other-worldliness he signally fails, lapses even into the grotesque.

A word as regards the book. It is printed in colours for Messrs. Lemer cier by Alfred Mame et Fils, of Tours. The process, which belongs to Messrs. Lemer cier, permits of all the colours being printed at one impression, otherwise the work could not possibly be offered at sixty guineas, forty thousand pounds having been spent on the reproduction. The Edition de Luxe contains letterpress in French and Latin, the text of the Gospels from the French New Testament and from the Vulgate, with Tissot's notes and introduction in French. The artist's writing is as well-informed, illuminative, and suggestive as his drawing. To meet the requirements of those who are not millionaires, the publishers will in a fortnight issue a twelve-guinea edition, with text in English and Latin. In this two-thirds of the full-page illustrations and one-half of those in the text will be in colours.

I have to thank you and your correspondents (writes Mr. St. Martyn Kennard) for the interesting information you have published relating to my picture of the Christ I lately purchased at Christie's. It will be observed that my copy depicts the

Christ wearing the lock of the Horus. The sketch which I append was taken by me from an ancient terra-cotta statuette in the collection of the late Dr. Grant Bey, of Cairo. It represents the Madonna and Child, and is, no doubt, of Christian origin. It will be noticed that the Madonna wears the crown of the Isis, and the royal infant is distinguished by the lock of Horus, which designates him as the son and heir of the Great King, the anointed one, or the Christ. That the Christ was recognised as the Horus is proved by the early Christian crosses, which bear the lock of Horus on their central branches, as in the examples given. It would appear that the lock of Horus became distorted on the later Christian crosses by twisting the lock inwards, and we are invited to believe that it represents the Greek letter ρ, and, in connection with the x, designates the first two letters in Χριστός. The lock, however, is not to be found in any modern cross or portrait. If further information is desired, it will be found in my little work, "The Veil Lifted," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in 1896.



AN EGYPTIAN STATUE OF CHRIST:
AND THE HORUS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

If there is a fault to be found with Mr. Blackmore's newest story, "Dariel" (Blackwood), it is that it belies its second title. It is not a "Romance of Surrey." Surrey has a right to feel aggrieved that the fascinating heroine is imported from the Caucasus, while, as everybody knows, the prettiest of all the English counties has as much right to pride itself on its charming girls as on its chickens and its cricket. The hero is a Surrey man, a practical farmer, son of a landless squire, ruined by wicked Free Trade; and some love-scenes pass in a leafy, fragrant, indeterminate spot, not a hundred miles from Guildford. But local features and local character count for nothing; and the mild English portions are only foils to the stirring events and extraordinary personages we are presented to in South-Eastern Europe, to the plots and fights and picturesque struggles of the convulsed little country of Georgia. In a quite artificial way this story of the exiled Sûr Imar and his beautiful daughter is very good; but a fourth-rate novelist could have told it quite as well; and Mr. Blackmore's great powers seem to me a little wasted. If it had only been what it promised, a romance of Surrey, his special knowledge and his special charm as a painter of English life would have been more evident. Yet no second-best choice of subject can hide how admirably the book is written. As a storyteller, his powers have declined of late; as a writer of dry, vigorous, nervous, and occasionally most poetic English, he has never been so good as in his collection of short stories of a few years ago, "Tales from the Telling House"—far too little noticed at the time of their appearance; and the same qualities, with even a stronger infusion of dry, shrewd humour, are to be found in "Dariel."

Among the novels that deserve something more than a mere passing mention is one issued recently by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, "Among Thorns," by the lady who writes under the name of "Noel Ainslie." It is her second book, so far as I know, and in many ways an advance on "An Erring Pilgrimage." Unlike most novels by women, it has neither a hero nor a heroine among its personages, unless a rather shadowy Jewish Socialist stand for the former. The characters, excellently drawn, are of varying degrees of mental capacity and interest, but, morally, they are of very common clay indeed, especially the cleverer ones. Each and all are assailed by ordinary temptations, and there is no heroic facing of these. Thus, the atmosphere, though not sordid, is depressing. So, too, are the reflections and the generalisations, which are those of a thoughtful woman, not of a thinker; that is to say, they are drawn direct and literally from the material and circumstances before her—unromantic and low-spiriting these—and not from life at large or life at the roots. All this hardly sounds like a recommendation, yet it is well to warn away from the book such as want to spend an easy hour with happy, imaginary beings in circumstances altogether comfortable or altogether remote. Others who care to examine an honest attempt to present the average morality and average ambitions of middle-class men and women, and to show both the unloveliness and the pathos of these, will see promise in "Among Thorns."

Mr. F. W. Bourdillon has completely revised his "Aucassin and Nicolette" (Macmillan), and the new edition is virtually a new book. It is by far the best poetic work he has done. If only minor poets with taste and learning would follow his example, and devote themselves to familiarising an ignorant world with forgotten masterpieces, they would earn more gratitude than they do by their original work. Mr. Bourdillon's is the most scholarly version we have. Printed here with the original text, with musical notation to the verse sections, copious notes, and bibliography, it is both satisfying and stimulating to the student. But a bare mention in the preface of Mr. Andrew Lang's translation is not enough. Mr. Lang's is the most charming to read—I confess I have not examined it as a faithful translation—and it can be had from Mr. Nutt at a very low price. Still, Mr. Bourdillon's is far from being a mere dry "Bohn," and his version must rank high among the modern ones that have striven to retain the grace and beauty of one of the fairest stories in the world—

Good is the lay, sweet is the note,
Dainty too, and deftly wrought.

Among the Christmas books there is a rival to the famous "Alice." It is called "Tom, Unlimited"; the writer is Mr. M. L. Warborough, and the publisher Mr. Grant Richards. It calls itself a story for children. "Alice" did not, though "Alice" has reigned supreme in many nurseries for two generations, and some serious grown-up people know it better than the classics. To whom should "Tom" be recommended? Recommended it should be, for beyond any doubt it is very clever and very amusing. But this metaphysical imbroglia of schoolboys will set children's heads whirling; only the very bright ones will follow the fun farther than the very obvious rhymed satire of Rameses on English pronunciation; and, if they follow it far enough, they will fall in love with their own subtlety, and then the author's satire on metaphysics—for that is the object of "Tom, Unlimited"—will be unavailing. But it must provide a good laugh for such grown people as have once or twice lost themselves in "Schopenhauer Lane" or "Fichte Tangle." It is much too witty and clever to miss fire, and maybe I am wronging children's brains in doubting if they will appreciate the fun of Space and Time being so defied that at the Battle of Waterloo it is Rameses who cries "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

o. o.

WHERE AND HOW TO GO AT CHRISTMAS.

The railway companies as usual afford great facilities for the Christmas traveller. The Brighton and South Coast Railway ordinary return tickets for distances from twelve to fifty miles are available for eight days, and for distances over fifty miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return. A special fourteen days' excursion will be run by the Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, from London by the special express day service on Friday morning, and also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Dec. 22 to 26. Special cheap tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 24 to 26, to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 28. On Dec. 24, 27, and 28 extra fast trains will run to the Isle of Wight, and on Friday an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, etc. On Boxing Day day-trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, and from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton to London. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, Wulff's Grand Continental Circus, &c., extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announces that on Friday a fast late train will be run to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover. Cheap tickets will be issued to Paris, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street on Friday. From Dec. 22 to Dec. 24, first-, second-, and third-class tickets will be issued, leaving Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 2.45 p.m. and 9 p.m. These tickets are available for fourteen days, and to return by certain trains. Fares: 58s. 4d. (first class), 37s. 6d. (second class), 30s. (third class). The cheap return tickets between London and Sandling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea), Lydd, and Rye, issued on Dec. 24, 25, and 26, will be available for the return journey up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 28.

The London and South-Western will issue cheap third-class return tickets to the West of England, North and South Devon, and North Cornwall, also to Weymouth, Dorchester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c. Also to Guernsey and Jersey; fare, 25s., available for fourteen days. On Christmas Eve the 5.50 p.m. West of England train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Sidmouth, Salterton, and the North Devon and Ilfracombe lines. On Christmas Day special trains will run to Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Plymouth, Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Romsey, and Ilfracombe. Additional facilities are likewise afforded for passengers from and to London and the Isle of Wight *via* the Portsmouth direct line, *via* Stokes Bay, *via* Southampton, and *via* Lymington. Special arrangements have also been made for the conveyance of parcels. For list of company's offices and agencies see handbills.

The Great Western Railway Company will run cheap excursions to-morrow to Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Lakes of Killarney, &c., and on Friday night to Evesham, Worcester, Oxford, Liverpool, &c., for three or four days, and to Bath, Bristol, &c., for three days. On Friday the 1.30 p.m. corridor express from Paddington will convey passengers to stations between Bala and Dolgelly, and the 3 p.m. train to Plymouth will be extended to Truro. A special will leave Paddington at 6.20 p.m. for Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Penzance, and other stations, and the 7 p.m. to Weston-super-Mare will run to Exeter and will convey passengers for Marlborough, Tiverton, and for stations on the Barnstaple branch.

The London and North-Western Company will run a special train to-day, to-morrow, and on Friday to Manchester, calling at Rugby, Lichfield, and Stockport only. A fast special corridor dining-car train will leave Euston at 1.55 p.m., and convey passengers for Carlisle and Glasgow only. A special train will leave Euston at 4.5 p.m. for Liverpool. On Friday cheap excursion trains will run to Leamington, Birmingham, South Staffordshire stations, Wolverhampton, Nuneaton, Liverpool, Warrington, Lancaster, the English Lake District, Manchester, Oldham, Stoke, Chester, North and South Wales, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, and the Cambrian Line, Shrewsbury, Carlisle, Scotland, Ireland, &c., and on Dec. 31 to Scotland for New Year's Holidays.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursion trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, and Aberdeen on Friday for four, five, or eight days, and Dec. 31 for three, four, or eight days, by which return-tickets will be issued at a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets issued on Dec. 24 will be available for returning on any day up to and including Jan. 8, 1898, and single-fare tickets taken on Dec. 31 will be available for returning any day up to and including Jan. 15, 1898. Cheap tickets will be issued to-morrow to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, &c., *via* Liverpool, available for sixteen days. New winter tourist tickets are also now issued to the principal tourist resorts.

The Zealand Steamship Company's steamers run to the Continent *via* Queenboro' and Flushing, twice daily in each direction. The actual sea passage by the new 21 knots night steamers takes 2½ hours only. Through tickets and registration of luggage from London (Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill Stations) to the principal stations on the Continent, and *vice versa*. Time-tables may be obtained at the Company's London Office, 44A, Fore Street, E.C., where circular tickets may be had at three days' notice.

THE DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

That excellent institution, the Decorative Needlework Society, Limited, was alive and alert with bevy of ladies last week, who crowded the pretty salons at 17, Sloane Street, in order to enjoy the wonderfully beautiful and interesting collection of antique and modern embroideries gathered together and exhibited by indefatigable Miss Gemmell and her *aides* of the Society. Rarely have so many interesting pieces been exhibited at one time, and, by combining the ancient and modern sides of the Society's work—if one may so express it—a lucid idea of the operations of the Decorative Needlework Society was conveyed. On the one hand would be a lovely old piece of tapestry, "restored" by the Society's workers with so much skill that, although it reached them in tatters, like some flag that had been through many engagements—although, in this case, the enemies had been nothing more formidable than moth and damp—the Society is able to return it to the owner of the ancient hall whose walls it adorned in as perfect condition as when it left the hands of the possibly sixteenth or seventeenth—or earlier—century ladies who busied themselves with it in their dainty bowers and wainscoted chambers while their lords were hunting or at the wars. Hard by would be a piece of modern work—some rich piece of ecclesiastical embroidery, some dainty book-cover, some rich *portière* of embroidered linen, glowing with fine but never obtrusive colour in a bold,



SPECIMEN OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

handsome design full of old-world beauty. Viscountess Erne lent some splendid old pieces of Italian work to the Society for this exhibition, and one of the "curios" of the show was lent by Lady Brougham: a quaint hanging in old crewel-work, in which the five wise virgins and the five foolish ones are alike shown arrayed in costumes of the period of Queen Mary. In another quaint piece, lent by Lady Brougham, the Biblical scenes and personages are extraordinary to a degree, the wives of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet being dressed in Queen Anne high head-dresses, hooped skirts, and all the *faux-de-rales* and furbelows of that most ornate and elaborate era. The Decorative Needlework Society held its first exhibition two years ago, and since then has made great strides. It is not in any respect a "charity," but it finds artistic and congenial employment for many ladies to whom it is very welcome, and its rooms in Sloane Street should be visited by all lovers of beautiful needlework, for they are at all times well stored with examples both of antique and modern work, curious, bizarre, and beautiful. The Society produces all kinds of high-class embroideries, including church work, repairs old tapestries, gives lessons, and supplies materials. All the work is done by ladies, and Miss Gemmell is always delighted to show her treasures to any lady who likes to call.

In accordance with the spirit now abroad of celebrating merit and genius by monument, the Burns Club of Leith have commissioned Mr. W. D. Stevenson, R.S.A., to execute a bronze statue of Robert Burns. Unlike its big neighbour, Leith possesses no memorials in stone or bronze, and it is fit that the port of Edinburgh, immortalised by the Scottish bard in one of his finest songs, "Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine," should have a presentment of his figure in its streets.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What a mere surface affair the ocean is when viewed in comparison with the solid contents of the earth has been recently brought to our notice by the genial humorist who does the statistics for the *Strand Magazine*. Its greatness, in fact, is as superficial and shallow—comparatively speaking—as that of Byron's famous address to it in "Childe Harold." Yet we allow a film of salt water, only a few miles deep at its deepest, to lord it over our imaginations, and even over our digestions. We submit to be tossed on the briny deep, and, though we are carrying our ocean-steamers to a size which will defy anything under a tornado to produce a perceptible pitch or roll, yet we still tolerate the intrusion of the ocean on our pleasures and its interference with our business.

Nothing shows the scientific eminence of the inhabitants of Mars more plainly than the fact that they have apparently suppressed the sea on their planet. They have clouds and snow, but no large body of water, just enough to serve for canals, and, presumably, for Wells. Doubtless they were once annoyed by Atlantics and Pacifics, like ourselves, and had to cross their seas by some obsolete contrivance akin to our steamers. *Mais ils ont changé tout cela*. There is no Red Planet Line of steamers to be detected by the Yerkes telescope. Such childish contrivances were long ago rendered obsolete for want of a circulating medium.

Why should not our men of science make a serious effort to suppress the sea, or rather (since one must do *something* with the water, and we do not want more clouds than we have already), to restrict it to proper limits? Some locality—let us say the Sahara—of a peculiarly dry nature should be chosen, and a few hundred thousand square miles taken in hand. The area should be apportioned to the various civilised nations to dig out to the proper depth, each nation having to get down, let us say, a mile a year. The excavated materials could be used in filling up the former bed of the ocean, or in elevating the interior of Africa, so as to make its climate cooler and more bracing. The cost, with proper machines, ought not to be prohibitive. We should then have a manageable body of water, large enough for naval enterprise, or rather, playing at navigation. Great Britain could exercise the empire of the Sea without any fear of rivals, for her supremacy would never be questioned. Fish could also be kept up in this ocean receptacle, the fish-pond of the human race; and millions and millions of square miles of profitable and fertile land would be rescued for the benefit of man.

Now, for the first time, there would be enough and to spare for the land-grabbing propensities of all nations. Mark Twain has said, and said truly, that history consists largely of the story and consequences of successful raids on other people's poultry-yards and clothes-lines. What a store of unappropriated territorial garments could one find hanging, so to speak, on the Line—the Equator! What magnificent conquests of fertile territory—fertile after a time, that is—would fall to each nation without a struggle! Then there would be no need for squalid squabbles over the swamps of the Niger. There would be no swamps and no Niger, but a high and healthy plateau. The Guinea Coast would no longer bury the white men, but would be finally buried by them.

Again, great wealth might, and probably would, reward the suppressors of the sea. Not to speak of the treasure-ships and galleons of all ages, think of the haul of pearls! Fish, it is true, would be dearer when restricted to the small Sahara Sea; but cattle could be bred in millions on the meadows of the Atlantic. There is certainly a trace of gold in sea-water; suppose we should find where it comes from? Learning would profit like commerce; we should be able to solve a number of hydrographic and geological problems that now puzzle our investigators. The great Darwinian wrangle over coral reefs would be almost certainly solved by draining the Pacific. We might also correct the climate of Australia by establishing a subordinate sea in the central desert.

Of course, a Congress would have to be held to portion out the new land. The equitable division would be, to give the countries territory in proportion to their contributions towards the cost. Thus, England would get the lion's share, as having undoubtedly the greatest accumulation of capital; France would come out next, with the savings of her thrifty citizens; and other nations in the ratio of their wealth and enterprise. England, again, could and would claim compensation for the disturbance of her fleets, Germany might earn large lands by her scientific plans, and the United States by inventing the machinery of excavation.

One result of the suppression of the sea would be the advent of Free Trade, for frontiers would be too vast to check smuggling. But though, perhaps, the German Emperor might oppose the plan for that reason, his enmity for the sea would carry the day. His claim to be "Mehrer des Reichs" rests on the acquisition of Heligoland. Now the sea is always trying to take Heligoland from him. Which is *l'ère majesté*.

MARMITON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN NEW ZEALAND.

Much interest was taken in New Zealand in the final round for the Association Challenge Shield, which was played in Wellington on Nov. 11. The shield, a very handsome silver one, was presented to the New Zealand Association by Mr. George Brown, of Glasgow, an old

A. Henderson. C. Matthews. F. Rossiter. H. Stowe. J. R. Orford.
D. Sharpe. P. Gillespie. E. W. Andrews. F. G. Hawthorne. J. E. Bannister.
F. H. Gilmson. R. S. Simeon.



RUAHINE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.
WINNERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND CHALLENGE SHIELD, 1897.
Photo by Kinsey, Wellington, New Zealand.

colonist who has always been an enthusiast in football matters. The teams in the final were the representatives of the Wellington and Ruahine Associations, and the latter easily outplayed their opponents, and won by two goals to nil. The Ruahine team contains some Old Country players, notably J. R. Orford, the Cambridge Blue, P. Gillespie, the old Scotch International, and E. W. Andrews, of Sussex. The win was a very popular one, and will do much for the game in the country districts of the North Island.

RACING NOTES.

The majority of racing men are agreed that Sir Blundell Maple has a good chance of winning both the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks with Nun Nicer, a handsome filly that should improve with age. The Prince of Wales has Mousme, Little Dorrit, and Azelza engaged in the One Thousand, while Mousme and Azelza are also in the Oaks, but I cannot fancy either of these. Rhoda B. and St. Ia, engaged in both races, are smart fillies, and the latter is likely to go very close either at Newmarket or at Epsom. Lord Rosebery has Ebbu and Mauchline in both races, and the first-named might run well at Epsom.

Very little winter speculation is likely to take place over the Derby, as the horses engaged are much of a muchness. Many people are of the opinion that Dieudonne will win the race for the Duke of Devonshire. I fancy Wildflower will develop into a smart three-year-old, and he will have to be reckoned with next season. Orzil, who has been over the course, may run a good horse, and I hope Ormathwaite will carry the royal colours well. Hawfinch is a commoner in appearance, but he can travel, although I think John Porter will find a better among the Duke of Westminster's lot; perhaps Batt will be the chosen one.

Many of the jumpers are not fit yet, and if we get a month's frost, which is not unlikely, the racing under National Hunt Rules would not be really good until February, when, by-the-bye, more

valuable prizes are to be run for. At present the winning of a thirty-pound owners' prize means ten pounds for the jockey, to say nothing of railway charges, training fees, and betting losses. I am not surprised that the professional punters, or the majority of them, have tired of owning horses, and prefer to back other people's. Many of the amateurs, who glory in riding winners between the flags, find it expensive work keeping their own horses for the purpose.

I notice by announcements that one or two more of the sporting specials have decided to come down in price to the modest penny at the commencement of the next racing season. I am not surprised, seeing that the sporting public can get all the information they require, with a budget of general news thrown in, by purchasing a halfpenny evening newspaper. It is not so many years since the powers that be did not look with satisfaction on my printing the trials that took place at Newmarket. Now the majority of the sporting papers are keen after trials whenever they take place, with the result that the public can pick their own winners.

Racecourse rowdism is on the increase, and Clerks of Courses will have to provide further police supervision at their meetings. I have heard of one or two cases of late where unwary frequenters of race-meetings were drugged and robbed of every penny they had in their possession. I am convinced that a set of detectives might be employed by the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee who could keep all the bad characters off the course. I think, too, better protection should be provided than at present in all the cheap rings. The little punter fares badly in the matter of protection, but the time will come when the gallery will be a big first in racing circles.

The proposed new racecourse at Newbury has met with some local opposition, but I expect, if made, it will ultimately be a big success, especially if the patronage of the Duke of Westminster is obtained. The course will be in the vicinity of many of the South Country training stables, while the railway accommodation is of the best. The new course at Folkestone is being pushed on, and should be ready by the spring. I expect the Earl of Radnor, who is Lord of the Manor, will run several horses at the meeting, and it is expected that the French stables will support this track. I believe a new steeplechase course has been made at Laindon, in Essex, so that the sport is seemingly in for a long life.

Cricket and billiards have been the pastimes mostly talked about by racing men of late, and instead of the usual "Who's won?" the question of the day has been "What is the latest score?" In the clubs the billiard handicaps have been in full swing, and many of the leading bookmakers are really good players, so that big breaks have been plentiful. The racing reporters, too, or the majority of them, are good billiard-players, and the gentleman (Mr. F. Wear) who is on the back mark for the Press Billiard Handicap is a well-known judge of racing. He plays a grand game of billiards, and makes breaks of eighty and a hundred frequently.

CAPTAIN COE.

HOCKEY.

The revival of hockey is part and parcel of the golf fever. In Scotland the similar game of shinty has taken a new lease of life. Hockey has now a journal devoted entirely to its interests, and its devotees are as enthusiastic as golfers themselves.



HOCKEY: EAST SHEEN v. WEST KENT—"BULLY OFF!"
Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Bonville Street, E.C.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 22, 4.52; Thursday, 4.52; Friday, 4.53; Saturday, 4.54; Sunday, 4.54; Monday, 4.55; Tuesday, 4.56.

A brilliant Christmas and a prosperous New Year, and may you all spin through the next twelve months without a spill, without a puncture, and without the occasion arising for your being remanded on bail! These are the good wishes that I wish to express to all cycling readers of *The Sketch*.

I have long made it a rule never to believe anything that I read or hear, and to credit only half of what I actually see. The wisdom of this rule has just been brought home to me once again by an individual who was present every day at the bicycle-race run in Madison Square Garden, New York, a fortnight ago, the race that we heard and read so much about last week. He declares that the reports which reached England were for the most part grossly distorted, that the race was by no means a "repulsive exhibition." Rivierre's mind did not give way, he says; Rivierre broke down from fatigue, and was for a short time delirious, but on the following day he was well enough to finish the race. Really, it is a pity that one cannot get at the truth of these affairs in the first instance. I remember reading similar preposterous accounts of the notorious *Valkyrie-Defender* yacht race which took place in New York Harbour two years ago. I can state positively that many of the reports were outrageously untrue, for I witnessed the yacht-race from start to finish on all three days.

However, a correspondent writes from the more general point of view: "Honest sport is manly, and deserving of encouragement; a test of pluck and endurance may bring out the noble qualities in manhood. But there is nothing ennobling, nothing sportsmanlike, in the debasing spectacle recently witnessed at the Madison Square Gardens, New York, which was practically a test of how far a man can ride on a bicycle for six days without dying or going mad. Exhaustion, consequent upon physical fatigue and want of sleep, rendered several of the competitors temporarily, if not permanently, insane before half the allotted time had expired. One was carried from the track senseless, having dropped off his machine while asleep; another had a stroke of paralysis. And this is accounted sport! Sport it may be for a crowd of onlookers who care only for what is sensational, but, to my mind, more debasing than a Spanish bull-fight, without the excuse of excitement. Unquestionably Miller, who proved the victor in this suicidal contest, exhibited extraordinary powers of endurance; but is the glory of the victory worth the physical strain on the constitution, which must, sooner or later, affect the health of the rider? It is satisfactory to know that the New York newspapers unanimously denounced the brutality of the contest, declaring that such a repulsive exhibition shall never again be permitted in the city. It is asserted as probable that a Bill prohibiting such races will be passed during the next session of the New York Legislature."

Now that we are about to enter upon a new year, I wish to draw cyclists' attention to "The Cyclist's Pocket-Book," published by Archibald Constable and Co., 2, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster. A copy of this most excellent and compact little volume—it is about three inches by five—was sent to *The Sketch* office in the early part of this year, and I referred to it then in these columns. Frankly, I can say that I have always had the Pocket-Book with me when on tour, and have found it invaluable. The notes "To Forecast the Weather" have proved to be remarkably correct, and, lest they may not appear in this year's issue, I shall now quote them at length. Every cyclist fond of touring would do well to cut out the following "barometrical observations" and keep them at hand for reference—

Barometer steady or rising, whilst thermometer falls, and the air becomes drier, expect north-westerly, northerly, or north-easterly wind, or less wind. If barometer falls with increasing thermometer and increasing dampness, look for wind and rain from south-east, south, or south-west; a falling barometer with low thermometer indicates snow.

If the barometer is below its ordinary height, a rise foretells less wind, or change in the direction towards the north, or less wet; but when the barometer has been low, the first usually indicates strong wind or squalls from the north-west, north, or north-east, and a continued rise foretells improving weather. If the thermometer falls and warmth continues, the wind will probably back, and more southerly or south-westerly wind will follow.

When the barometer sinks considerably, high wind and rain or snow will follow. Wind from the northward, if the thermometer is low for the season; from the southward, if high.

A rosy sky at sunset, whether clouded or clear, a grey sky in the morning, a low dawn (that is, when the first signs of the dawn appear on the horizon), all indicate fair weather. A red sky in the morning indicates bad weather or much wind, and a high dawn (or when the first signs of the dawn are seen above a bank of clouds) presages wind.

Soft-looking and delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate breezes; hard-edged clouds, winds; rolled or ragged clouds, strong wind. A bright-yellow sky at sunset also foretells wind, and a pale-yellow sky, rain.

Dew and fog both indicate fine weather, while remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon is one of the signs of coming rain.

I hear that in the new riding-school which the Prince of Wales is erecting at Sandringham, space will be provided for a cycle track round the extreme circumference, thus affording the royal cyclists an opportunity of enjoying a spin on the wheel in the wet or muddy weather, when the Norfolk roads are impassable for the bicycle.

Still, owing to the wonderful autumn and the fine early winter that have been experienced in Paris, the most fascinating costumes are seen in the Bois, where so many fair riders are able to mount their

wheels later than usual this year. I can truly say that corduroy velvet is becoming more and more popular; it is both warm and exceedingly smart in appearance. No doubt it requires to be made by a good tailor, as it is a thick material and a good cut is most essential. I saw a smart bolero made double-breasted in this material, and also a neatly made Norfolk bodice, with a jewelled belt, which fitted beautifully. With the latter I was particularly struck. It was cut down at the neck, and worn with a neat little hunting-stock in white silk, fastened with a gold safety-pin. The lady wore with this bodice one of the new boat-shaped hats, made in velvet to match, and with simply a bunch of coq's feathers at the side, secured by a big paste buckle. She certainly looked very neatly got up, and reminded me of a smart little friend of mine, got up to follow the hounds, though she, of course, is more plainly dressed than the cyclist.

GOLF.

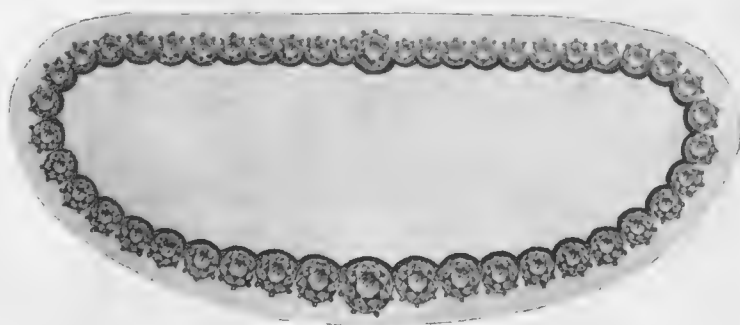
Colonel Bogey is as well known as Captain Boycott, and vastly more popular. He is the standard of good, steady golf. If you want to know how many strokes ought to be taken to a hole, consult Colonel Bogey. You need never lack a match so long as there is a Bogey score against which to compete, and you will seldom, if ever, have a steadier player. As Pennycuik writes—

My swing is always *comme il faut*,
My style supremely clever;
For men may come and men may go,
My score goes on for ever.

"Colonel Bogey's Sketch-Book" has been issued in fine style by Longmans, Green, and Co. It is described by its author and artist, Mr. R. André, of West Herts Golf Club, as "an eccentric collection of scribbles and scratches found in disused lockers and swept up in the pavilion, together with sundry after-dinner sayings of the Colonel." And very amusing it is. The facetiousness of the letterpress may be too laboured here and there, but the illustrations of golf from the beginning of the world, when golfers first appeared as germs or grew as oysters on primeval rocks, down to our own days of golf-madness, are cleverly comical. The "Sketch-Book" has been got up in a style worthy of the game.

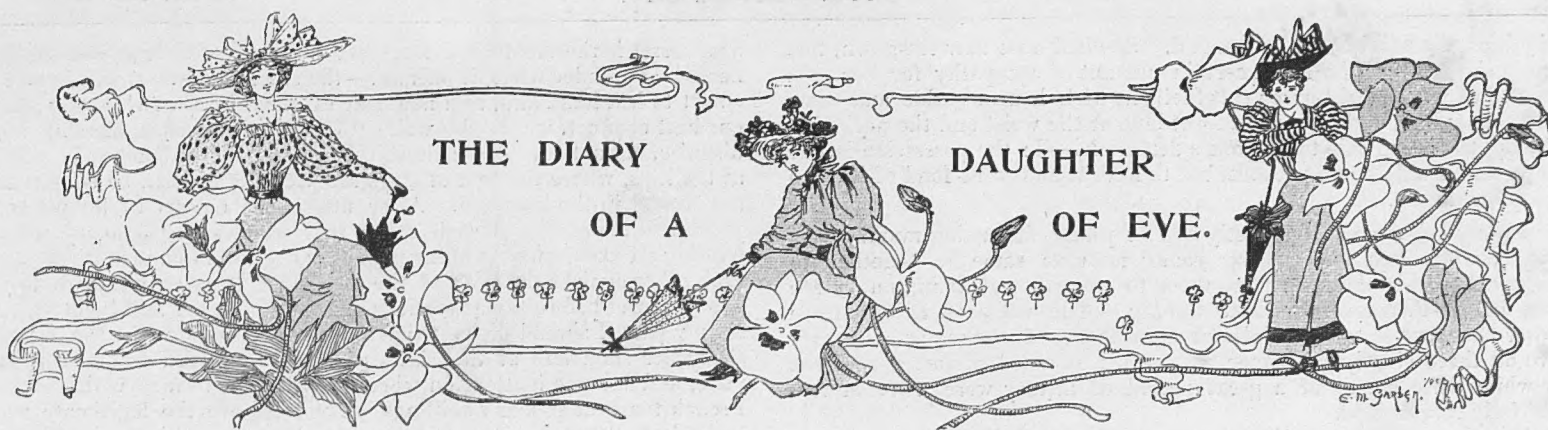
"D" is said to be the principal letter of the golfer's alphabet—a vigorous and emphatic initial that echoes through the breadth of the land. Colonel Bogey, whose score is so uniform, finds no personal necessity for the use of expletives, but he has "marked with regret the sameness of expression prevalent under all difficulties and on all links, and issuing from the mouth of all sorts and conditions of men." It will be seen from an article in the *Badminton Magazine* for this month that the big "D" has become current on golf links in Portugal. Mr. Balfour tells a well-known story of a caddie at Pau (or Cannes) who, wishing to express his admiration of a successful stroke, cried, "Beastly fluke!" He was only repeating the language used on similar occasions. In like manner Mrs. Skeffington describes in *Badminton* how a caddy on the links at Espinho, near Oporto, counted the strokes in English. This was how he counted: "One, two, three, four, five, six, d—n, eight, d—n"; and he said he could not understand why the English should have the same word to mean seven and nine, the only difference being that when it meant the latter it was uttered with far greater emphasis.

Some time ago it was decided to commemorate the Duke of Norfolk's Mayoralty of Sheffield by the erection of a statue of his Grace, to be placed in the Town Hall. It was also thought desirable to recognise in some way the services of Lady Mary Howard as Mayoress. The Committee appointed to carry out this object decided the presentation

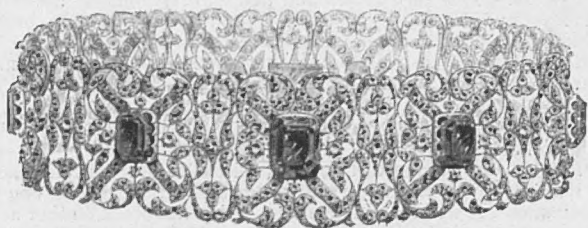


NECKLACE PRESENTED TO LADY MARY FITZALAN-HOWARD BY THE CORPORATION OF SHEFFIELD.

should take the form of a diamond necklace. With this view the leading jewellers of London and Sheffield were invited to submit specimens, and the Committee's choice was a superb rivière of diamonds submitted by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. The case containing the necklace bears a gold plate with the following inscription: "To Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard in recognition of her services to Sheffield as Lady Mayoress, 1895-7." The presentation was made privately by the Lord Mayor of Sheffield (Alderman Franklin), who at the same time handed her ladyship a letter from the officers of the Committee.



Monday.—As the Americans say, I want to “spread myself out” on Parisian Diamonds, and should not very much object to it if they expressed a similar desire, so that they got it, or so that I got them.



NECKLACE AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

Parisian diamonds are beautiful things, and I respect them very much, because under their influence it is possible to follow the latest fashion at a comparatively small expenditure. It is quite impossible for any but the specially blessed of Providence or of South Africa to buy as many jewels as are becoming in the eyes of *La Mode*. Every woman in the evening now appears hung with jewels of divers descriptions decoratively arranged on a velvet or satin foundation, as if she were a shop-window. We don't wear one necklace, and a couple of brooches, and a pin or so; we wear three necklaces, one long rope of pearls fastened with diamonds, and just a thin diamond chain. Under the realist aspect such possessions run into many, many thousands of pounds, and, alas! the Fates being obviously unfair, we cannot all afford thus to invest our capital.

This morning, while fitting on a new black satin bodice, the dress-maker said to me, pointing to the décolletage decked with white tulle, “And here, of course, you will need all your diamond brooches, and a diamond chain from one sleeve to the other would be a great improvement.” I recognised that she was artistically right, and went journeying to 143, Regent Street, to see whether through the means of the Parisian Diamond Company I could obtain her artistic end. Here there are diamond chains set transparently according to the latest French edict, and ropes of pearls terminating in jewelled tassels of alluring elegance, and collars of diamonds set with cabochon emeralds. A collar made of five rows of Orient pearls, joined with bars of Parisian diamonds, is infinitely more successful in concealing the wrinkles of a middle-aged neck than massage administered three times a week while you wait. I must recommend the Parisian Diamond Company to an advertisement of “The Great Case of the Orient Pearl *v.* Massage.” I know which will win if tried in the High Court of Costume before a jury of intelligent maids and matrons. Besides these pearl necklaces and diamond chains, which are altogether admirable products of this Company, they have an assortment of diamond slides which please me very much. These, mounted on a black velvet ribbon, will for the economical take the place of the Orient Pearl collar necklace, and there is no more attractive complement to a black ribbon belt than diamond slides; and again, the lace cravat looks well with the folds brought through one of these ornaments. Yet now I am wondering whether my dressmaker were in league with the Parisian Diamond Company when she insisted most wisely and most well that a liberal use of their latest works was essential to the best completion of her artistic efforts.

Wednesday.—Florrie dragged her husband away from his pet occupation of surveying land which does not belong to him (he says this is how he is building up a fortune—it does not sound very feasible), and we went again to see “The Tree of Knowledge” at the St. James's Theatre. What a different and superior audience there is at a theatre on an ordinary occasion to that of a first night! Then all the folks appear to imagine it beneath their dignity to applaud if they are pleased, and to wait for the *entr'actes* with more avidity than they do the scenes, so that they may chat with each other on irrelevant subjects. To-day there was not a line that was not listened to with attention, every point told—and there are many of excellent humour—and intermittent applause was the order of the afternoon. A notable fact which should be added to the sum of George Alexander's many virtues is that scarcely one woman in fifty this afternoon wore her hat. His persuasive charm must be transcendent to have achieved this, for, in truth, whatever advantages removing the hat may possess for the lady or gentleman who sits behind, it is undoubtedly not an entirely becoming sacrifice. A woman's hair gets untidy after her hat has once been placed over it, and to submit a more

or less untidy head to the gaze of the public rather than blot out the view from some other heroine is an act of self-sacrifice which could only have been induced by so special a pleader as George Alexander. I think seriously, though, if we thus yield our graces to his, he should add to the opera-glass cases in front of each stall a mirror, so that the women may have an opportunity of readjusting their hats at a becoming angle and of just fixing their fringes when they take them off, thus to do justice to themselves and their hairdresser. One good turn deserves another, and the mirror should be supplied gratis, else would it cast reflections on Mr. Alexander's generosity and appreciation! (He must at once be apprised of my proposition.)

We went up to tea with Gertie, who was surrounded by her many friends and relations, and dispensing sympathy with a sincerity peculiarly her own. I believe Gertie is one of the few women in the world who really care what is happening to all the others. I found her to-day listening with equal attention to the description of a new dress, the latest details of the latest lover, the musical genius of somebody's little girl, and the persistent



CHINE SILK DRESS TRIMMED WITH LACE AND SABLE.

[Copyright.]

iniquities of a neighbour's housemaid. She had on a new tea-gown, too, which showed that she had a certain amount of sympathy for her own needs. It was of light-green soft Sicilian, with hems of sable and some pale-yellow lace, and a touch of light blue at the waist and the neck. It is delightful to be able to like one's dearest friend; the possession is one no woman is able to do without, but to have it and to be fond of it is an exceptional case.

Friday.—I was sitting quietly and at peace, discussing muffins with myself, when two enterprising young matrons came in together to suggest that I should accompany them to the wilds of Islington to see Mrs. Brown-Potter as Charlotte Corday. The wilds of Islington are rather tame, yet it was a wonderful sight to see the unwrapped audience. Two or three elderly gentlemen in the pit assumed almost a reverent air while these events of a great period of history were more or less faithfully represented.

Mrs. Brown-Potter is a lovely woman, and never fails to appear so, but how anyone so classically beautiful as Kyrle Bellew can consent, for the

as a secret is the undoubted fact that "Oktis"—What an extraordinary name! I wonder what it means?—the shield for stays, will induce the corset to last long, and, as a new pair of stays is somewhat of a trial to our best comfort, we might write "Oktis" down as a blessing not in disguise, but actual. This little shield, formed of four bones to be adjusted at the hips, where the best of stays are treacherous, can be bought from any draper in the kingdom. After uttering a chorus in its praise, we proceeded to confide to each other that we bless the January sales, as offering an excuse for spending money, and we went on to mutually advise each other against the lures of the bargain. It is easy enough to take good counsel before the attractions of the counter are laid before us, but, for my part, I should distrust that woman who could resist the remnant, shrug her shoulders at the sight of an embroidered frock at reduced rates, and assume inattention when brought face to face with the latest French toque at so many shillings. The sales are the legitimate wasteground of all true women, and she who buys something only when she wants it, and knows exactly to what use she can put it, is unworthy of the name of woman, and is at best a dullard.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

DECEMBER SNOW.—Take my advice and don't worry yourself about the matter; nothing will occur to distress you, I will guarantee it, if you can only keep your thoughts from it, and, of course, under the circumstances, nothing can be done. I did not recommend any lady for that specialty; I merely mentioned a Miss Johnston, 16, Buckingham Palace Road, who is an excellent face-masseuse.

E. M.—I agree with you to a certain extent, but you will find matters improve later on.

VIXEN.—The velvet toque will do very well as it is; with the addition of a couple of white feathers and a scarf of white chiffon fastened at one side with a jewelled ornament, it will look mourning. Keep the black feather as it is. The wallflower scent is made by Roget and Gallet. It is to be obtained from Jay's, Regent Circus. I like it immensely and know it well. The other matter I will inquire about and let you know.

DEVOUÉE.—Write to Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, to send you an illustrated sheet of their blouses. They certainly have the best selection in London. A white chiffon with a trimming of steel and jet sequins I should advise, the belt either of folded black velvet ribbon or of black-and-white striped ribbon. At the moment, I am just learning to admire the coiffure down in the nape of the neck; but it is not worn yet in England—all the women have their hair dressed on the top of their heads in a hideous little knob, suggestive merely of the outline of Britannia. In Paris, waving has, to a great extent, gone out of fashion. It will take us, I suppose, two years to abandon its charms. I do not wish to speak ill of my country, but it is a little like the Snark in its slowness in taking—a change of fashion. Wilson and Gill, 134, Regent Street, are the firm who possess that moiré ribbon with the jewelled slide. It offers a pleasing variety from the muff-chain, and there is no reason it should not be worn as well. At the moment we like things dangling round our necks.

PENELOPE.—I should recommend Shoolbred's, of Tottenham Court Road, for that mackintosh. The make I prefer is double-breasted, of ulster shape, with rather big sleeves. Send them this description and they will forward you a picture of the style. Dark blue is the best colour, and a plain surface.

STONEHENGE.—You can get exceedingly pretty flannel shirts with linen collars and cuffs for 8s. 11d. at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, and these are a good shape and really answer capitally for bicycling, or, indeed, they may well be worn beneath a fur coat for ordinary occasions. They need no lining at all; they will fit quite neatly into the waistband. Also at Marshall and Snelgrove's you can get those very narrow belts with just a jewelled or metal buckle in the front. They obtain in every colour; grey to match your dress would be the best to choose. Yes; I confess to a great prejudice in favour of Marshall and Snelgrove. I like the manners of the assistants and the consciousness that the best quality is always to be found. I am very much obliged to you for your amiable compliments.

VIRGINIA.

"A PRINCE OF MISCHANCE."

"A Prince of Mischance," by Tom Gallon (Hutchinson and Co.), makes a most readable story, full of inventive resource and brisk movement. It is much better than the same author's "Tatterley," but there is still the homely, Dickens-like outlook on life's incidents and ignoring of its problems. Mr. Gallon's method is to take a set of rather commonplace characters and write candidly and naturally of their sayings and doings under uncommon experiences. Yet almost the only exception to this mode of characterisation is the most successful in the book. It is the Greek Prince with his studied attitudes and imaginary griefs—a little Byronic and a little Ouidaesque, but not a caricature. Elsewhere Mr. Gallon is more successful with his young ladies than with his men. The sisters Evelyn, affectionate and unhappy, and Lucy, amiable enough but a little selfish, are consistent and recognisable. But why make the typical young Englishman a tongue-tied phlegmatic dunce? We are being compared to our detriment just now with most of the nations on the earth, but surely the well-born young man of these islands is still able to comport himself creditably in a one-volume novel. It is a tribute to the verve of the narrative and freshness of the scenes and incidents that the story remains so good in spite of the exasperating dullard who is stuck so much in the centre of it. Barbara Denton, the quiet, energetic little lady of twenty who runs a boarding-house, is sympathetic if shadowy. There is a diverting sketch of her humbug of a father, who admits that there are worthy men who abhor idleness, but claims for himself to belong to the others equally worthy who abhor toil. The story is fresh and interesting, and has in it the promise of still better work from its author when he tackles stronger characters, for already he has mastered the way to keep the incidents moving.



[Copyright.]

MATRON'S GOWN IN GREY VELVETEEN EMBROIDERED IN STEEL.

mere sake of art, to disfigure himself into such an image of Marat I know not! As he shivered and shook through each act, a frivolous critic christened him "Marat glacé," and suggested that Mrs. Brown-Potter might be named "Scarlotte Corday," by virtue of her red execution-robe. Her dress, when she sits for Judith, is most becoming, with its purple under-gown and red draperies traced with coloured silks. It was an odd experience—the attitude of the people about me impressed me very much. Were I a member of the profession, these are the people I should like to act to: they listen and they care—all their soul seems to be enwrapped in the story as it moves or stays. Perhaps, after all, I am glad we are not so serious in the Strand.

Coming home we discussed nothing more interesting than frocks, unless, perhaps, it was stays—the best—and our personal experiences of such matters must be guarded as a secret. What, however, should not be regarded

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

MONEY.

On the completion of the Stock Exchange Settlement rates for money eased off somewhat. The Bank Return on Thursday last showed that some extensive movements had been taking place during the week. Heavy borrowings by the markets were responsible for the substantial increase of £2,798,000 in "Other" deposits. There was also a rise of no less than £3,316,000 in "Other" securities, while Government securities were also higher by £213,188. Coin and bullion stock, on the other hand, shows a decline of £419,000, and, as the Note circulation is lower by £85,000, the Reserve is thus reduced to the extent of £334,000. The ratio of Reserve to liabilities is now 46 per cent., or 4 per cent. lower than the previous week.

HOME RAILS.

A little more life has been apparent in this market since we last wrote on the subject, owing to the more conciliatory attitude taken up by the engineers in conference. The opinion is being freely expressed that the end of the difficulty is now in sight. We trust it is so, and, if such prove to be the case, we may reasonably expect to see higher prices ruling in this department. We have before us another good list of traffic returns for the week ending Dec. 12. Great Western heads the list with an increase of £8150. London and North-Western has also a very satisfactory increase of £7426, while there is an improvement of £4732 in Great Northern, £4387 in Midland, and £3197 in Great Eastern. The only decrease worth mentioning is £1124 in Lancashire and Yorkshire.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

Our New Zealand correspondent, who is at present in England, sends us the following brief notes on the mines of the Colony. As he has visited every district, and knows from personal observation both the mines and the managements, his observations are of very practical interest to the holders of shares in this country—

The past week has been an extremely busy one for holders of New Zealand shares, and meetings have been held almost every day. To those who know the North Island some of the statements made at the meetings sound truly ridiculous. For instance, at one meeting the chairman congratulated the shareholders upon the position of the property, which was near two such famous mines as the Waihi and the Woodstock, while it also adjoined the Crown. Surely chairmen might get some large-scale maps of the North Island and study them before they get up and talk such arrant nonsense. Waihi is in an entirely different district to the Crown and the Woodstock. It is a long and troublesome drive across country, and the reefs in one district are utterly and completely different to those in the other.

As the crow flies it must be a good seven miles from Waihi to the Woodstock, and upon an entirely different line of reef. And even supposing that the mine in question, which rejoices in the title of the Victor Waihou, ran alongside the Woodstock, it would not follow that its reefs contained any gold. I have again and again tried to impress this upon readers of *Sketch*, but apparently the old notion that a reef which is gold-bearing in one section must be gold-bearing throughout dies hard. The Victor Waihou has no chance that I can see of becoming a payable property; its prospects are not improved by needless statements. I deeply sympathise with the shareholders. They are the victims of Messrs. Searer Brothers' sanguine views upon mining. The same remark applies to the Waitekauri Extended, which has a huge mill and no ore. I met one of the Searers riding down from Maratoto, and told him I wanted to see the Waitekauri Extended. But he showed no anxiety to exhibit the glories of his wonderful property.

I drew my own conclusions, and did what I always do—took French leave, and went through the mine without asking permission of the Messrs. Searer Brothers. I did not rush wildly back to Auckland and purchase Waitekauri Extendeds. I do not believe in the famous firm of Searer Brothers, of London and Auckland, as much as do the boards of directors who employ them to manage their properties. Up to the present the properties they have taken in hand have not done much except reconstruct, which any mine can do without even having a reef on its ground. I regret to say that I am not one of those who think that reconstruction is only another name for dividends. If I were a shareholder I would never join a reconstruction scheme. I would sell my shares, and if I were satisfied with the new management and prospects I would buy in again.

I am very glad to see that the Royal Oak still keeps upon gold. The patch is a good one, and if it holds out the shareholders stand an excellent chance of getting one or two threepenny dividends. But we all know how pockety the Coromandel mines are; the directors are acting wisely in hesitating to divide up the profits until they are quite satisfied as to the nature of the shoot. I have great confidence in Captain Hodge, and, though I am not inclined to go as far as one speaker at a recent meeting and call him the best mine-manager in the whole world, I think him the best man for the Coromandel district, and the shareholders are lucky in having such an energetic engineer. I hope he will hit something in the Hauraki Main Lodes, but, though the ground looks promising, they have not found gold as yet—and, when they do, the present machinery will be of no use and the money spent upon it will be in great part wasted.

The Crown Mines are now, I see, working upon the upper levels, which is a bad sign. The rich ores have all been found in the deepest part of the property, and it does not look as though they had found the payable ore continue in the bottom of the underhand stope. I see that Daw still sticks to his idea of sinking an underlay on the reef. I am sure he is quite wrong, and I daresay he thinks I know nothing at all about it—which is more than possible. We may quarrel over this underlay shaft, but we must agree over his net crushing, which has turned out a great success. But, though it may suit Crown ores, it does not follow that it will equally suit Woodstock. In this mine they are doing fairly well, but, I fancy, not quite as well as they expected. Still, all things considered, Karangahake is a good mining country, and the mines here are worth keeping one's eye upon. The Talisman is now a steady gold-producer, and I should like to see all these mines doubling their output. It would give New Zealand mining the fillip it much wants.

Prospects are not good. These huge Thames mines have done much to dishearten the investor, and confidence in mining enterprise is always shaken when Premiers begin making speeches designed to aid one particular group of promoters. The public very properly thinks that each man should stick to his trade, and it does not like to see Dick Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, as a director of over-capitalised Thames mines, which cannot pay dividends for years, and may never pay them at all.

WESTRALIA.

As we anticipated a few weeks ago, there has been a considerable run on Golden Horseshoe shares, which have touched 8 buyers during the week. We are at present endeavouring to make arrangements for publication, during the first weeks of January, of underground plans of the Great Boulder, the Ivanhoe, and the Lake View Consols mines. These plans are of exceptional and unique interest, and are, we believe, the only copies in existence outside the hands of the management. By the aid of these plans, the trend of the lodes, the amount of development work, and all the information necessary to form a reliable opinion upon the value and prospects not only of these properties, but of the adjoining blocks, will be placed at our readers' disposal. Next week we hope to give further information upon this subject.

NEW YORK, ONTARIO, AND WESTERN.

We have been dealing week by week of late with the position and prospects of individual American Railway Companies. This week we furnish some particulars about the New York, Ontario, and Western. The company is a comparatively small one, but its stock is held pretty strongly by people on this side, not because the company is in the habit of paying dividends thereon, but, we presume, on account of its lending itself for speculative purposes owing to its rubbishy price. The company has a total Funded debt of 13,975,000 dollars, with 5000 dollars Preferred stock and 58,113,983 dollars Common stock. The Funded debt interest is paid regularly in full, but the chances of the Common stock participating in dividends are somewhat remote, in view of the heavy percentage of working expenses. In this connection, however, it is satisfactory to note that during the past eight years there has been a consistent decline in the percentage of these expenses going on. For the year ending June 30, 1890, the percentage was 76.55, while for the corresponding period of 1897 it had fallen to 68.20. There is, however, plenty of scope for further improvement in this direction. The net earnings for the twelve months ending June 30 last were 1,113,907 dollars, and, after deducting interest, rentals, and charges from this amount, it leaves a surplus of 399,911 dollars, which compares with 375,569 dollars a year ago. There is nothing very encouraging about the traffic returns since the date of the last report, the aggregate increase to the end of October being only 22,435 dollars. The total mileage of the company is 480. In 1896 the stock fluctuated between 17½ and 11¼. The highest point touched in the present year was 20½, and the lowest 13, while the present price is round about 16. There has been talk in recent years of a possible dividend of a small amount on the Ordinary, but the chances of this have been postponed on account of the various political and currency complications in the States. There are also perpetually recurring rumours of some amalgamation with the Vanderbilt interests, but so far they have come to nothing.

RHODESIA.

We have over and over again expressed views on Rhodesia of the most pessimistic nature. We have said that we believe payable gold has not yet been found, and that, as an agricultural country without a population attracted by mineral wealth, there was no reasonable prospect of a return upon invested capital. Our Johannesburg correspondent, whose letters so often appear in "City Notes," having read from time to time our paragraphs upon the subject, happened to refer to the subject in a private letter to our City Editor last week.

Coming from South Africa, and from a man who is in constant contact with people who have visited the country, we venture to reproduce an extract from the letter, so that our readers may hear both sides of the story. So far as the opinions expressed are opposed to what we have hitherto believed to be the truth, we can only say that our correspondent is most reliable, and that he wrote for our private information alone, so that there can be no doubt about the intention on his part to give only the best opinion he is able to form of what may be expected from Rhodesian gold-mining.

... I may say that, up to a couple of years or eighteen months ago, I had views about Rhodesia just as pessimistic as, perhaps, the majority of people have here. In the interval, I have greatly modified my views, and this entirely, or almost so, from what I have learned from friends—experts, some of them, who know the country well.

Their evidence has convinced me that Rhodesia is going to show several good goldfields. It is a country of ten to twenty stamp mines (small, compared with our ways on the Rand), but very many of them, and some of them likely to be rich. That is my information, and I believe it to be a good forecast.

COLONIAL SHOP-KEEPING.

Sir Saul Samuel, who is on the point of retiring from the position of Agent-General for New South Wales, expressed himself pretty freely on Colonial matters at a complimentary dinner given to him lately by the London Colonial Club. He had some playful yet pertinent remarks to make about the suggestions recently made for Agents-General to have offices in the City with large show-windows, where they could display the butter, the cheese, and the other products. Sir Saul made it quite clear to his audience that he, at least, did not favour the introduction of this shop-keeping element. "Were the Agents-General then to open grocers' shops?" he asks. He denied that it would be advantageous for the Colonial Governments to rush into these purely trade concerns. They were better, he said, left to the trading community, who would know the best markets to be found—markets which the Agents-General could never find. Sir Saul has known Australia for the last sixty years, and, if anybody can speak with authority on Colonial character, he is the man. He dropped some rather significant remarks on this point. He

said that he hoped he should live to see the Colonies reach that independence which they had almost perfectly achieved—an independence which he trusted would never prevent them from remaining parts of the great British Empire. Then came the significant remark which, we take it, expresses Sir Saul's opinion of the Colonial character. "That," he says, "would be the case as long as the Colonies got what they wanted; and they did get what they wanted, pretty well."

THE COMPANIES ACTS AND THE CRIMINAL LAW.

The application for a certiorari has been made in the Brinsmead prosecution and granted. The prisoners will be tried in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court with a special jury, instead of at the Old Bailey with a common one. This prosecution is being watched with great interest by some well-known—particularly well-known—City groups, and by sundry and manifold members of the great B.P. who have exchanged good hard sovereigns for equally hard, but by no means equally good, experience.

With the circumstances of the Brinsmead case we cannot deal until after the verdict has been given, but, to our mind, it is in quite different circumstances that the law especially wants definition and amendment. There is no doubt that something should be done to stop the practices adopted to foist worthless shares on the public, and one of the first things which ought to be done is to ascertain whether the law, as it now stands, does or does not make these practices punishable criminally.

Take the familiar case of a company floated without any prospectus at all. An absolutely worthless property is brought to a City promoter of the baser type—we could name a dozen—with one or two reports relating very likely to a different property altogether. The promoter sees at a glance that it would be risky to commit himself to definite statements in a definite prospectus, but he arranges "to make a market"—on terms! A company is registered with an enormous capital in Ireland—to escape the Winding-up Act 1890, and to baffle the unpleasant people who go and make searches at Somerset House; a good, attractive name is selected *without the slightest regard to the real position of the property*; the whole of the shares, fully paid, are issued in exchange for the supposed mine—a few worthless acres anywhere—while Articles of Association are carefully prepared which deprive the shareholders of the slightest chance of controlling the company. A board of well-trained "guinea-pigs," to whom fees are a means of salvation, and who ask no questions, is got together, a jobber is arranged with, and the market is started.

By arrangement with the vendor, a succession of cablegrams of valuable strikes, of good reports, of excellent assays, &c., are sent over and promptly printed, circulated, and sent to the Press by the board, which discreetly asks no question as to their authenticity. Meanwhile, the market price of the shares is run up higher and higher every day. Press notices are concocted or invented, or bought and paid for, circulars are sent out broadcast *addressed to the shareholders* (before there are any except nominees of the promoters), and by these and like disreputable means immense numbers of shares are "got off." Then the game is quietly dropped. The gang still have thousands and thousands of shares left, and, entrenched behind their "armour-clad" Articles of Association, they still, probably, control the company. Meetings are called, and, against the wishes of the only shareholders who have really paid for their shares, reconstruction resolutions are passed, there is a voluntary liquidation, and the whole thing is over.

This is a typical description of the life-history of half a score of companies, the names of some of which will occur to every reader. Can nothing be done by the Public Prosecutor to make an example in one instance? We undertake to find a company in which every single iniquity we have named was committed, and to supply the authorities with legal proof, if only the Treasury or the Board of Trade or the Public Prosecutor will move in the matter.

THE DUNLOP COMPANY.

Our remarks under this head last week seem to have attracted considerable attention and to have been widely quoted. To prevent misunderstanding, let us say at once that we did not mean to advise "bear" sales of the deferred shares, which, in our judgment, as the market at present stands, might lead to a very nasty squeeze. A "backwardation" of from 2½d. to 3d. a share had to be paid by the "bears" last Account, so that it is abundantly clear all the dealers are over-sold already, to which fact, indeed, is due such strength as the market possesses. Holders of shares may well take advantage of the position to realise—indeed, in our judgment, this is the proper thing to do—but in the present state of the Account, to sell "short" is a horse of quite a different colour. We hear that Mr. Harvey Du Cros is seriously ill, and the danger of anything happening to him must be added to the other risks which shareholders run. Whatever may be the immediate course of prices, the time has come for prudent men to clear out and transfer their money to some other undertaking not so overweighted with capital, one, for choice, in which the directors pay, instead of passing, interim dividends, and which does not depend for success on maintaining a monopoly beyond the power of its patents to secure.

HOLLAND v. HESS.

We sincerely sympathise with Mr. Hess on the result of this libel action, but we are not surprised. Coming from the Transvaal full of enthusiasm, and determined to expose everything which he thought

improper or worse in financial affairs here, Mr. Henry Hess deserves, and has (prior to the present case) on many occasions obtained, the sympathy of juries; but, in the present disastrous state of the libel law, Mr. Hess will find, as older journalists have discovered to their cost before, that it is next-door to impossible for any newspaper to write what its conductors believe to be the whole truth, except at such ruinous expense as to be, in fact, prohibitive. Even if Mr. Holland was entitled to a verdict (which, as the law stands, is very likely), 500 pence would have been nearer the mark, in our opinion, than £500.

Any impecunious person can put a newspaper to an expense of several hundred pounds in defending the most trumpery libel-action conceivable, in addition to which it is quite impossible to gauge accurately the amount of legal proof which any particular Judge and jury will think sufficient to justify what has been said; indeed, so much depends on what Judge you get to preside at the trial, that the defence is always more or less of a lottery. A case came within our knowledge this year in which a justification had been pleaded in a very big action, and on one point, at least, all the defending counsel were agreed that it had been proved up to the hilt out of the plaintiff's own mouth, so that no evidence was called upon that part of the case. The plaintiff claimed £5000 damages, and, after a trial extending over a fortnight, the jury gave him one farthing, with the result that each party had to pay its own costs, and the newspaper was £6000 out of pocket by reason of having exposed a fraud. The foreman of the jury, after the case was over, told the solicitor for the defence that it was the very point upon which no evidence had been called which induced them to give the plaintiff his farthing!

What is wanted to make it possible for newspapers to write fearlessly is, (1) That all libel actions shall be tried in the County Courts unless the plaintiff finds security for costs; (2) The right to pay money into court and plead a justification at the same time; (3) A rule whereby the plaintiff shall pay the costs in all cases in which he does not recover more than twenty-five pounds damages; (4) An alteration of the law so that juries shall be allowed to find a general verdict upon the whole case, without the defendant having to justify every separate statement made in the supposed libel.

When reforms of this nature are carried out, it will be possible for newspapers to do their duty and protect the public without being ruined in the process.

ISSUES.

Walker and Meimarachi, Limited.—Under the above title an attempt is being made to secure, by means of an issue of 6½ per cent. preference shares, two Egyptian businesses, and to carry on the business of supply stores in the land of the Pharaohs. The price to be paid is £173,000, or well over ten years' purchase of the last year's combined profits. It is said that the tangible assets in the shape of stock and book debts amount to £72,000, but no valuation is given, and, even so, the goodwill comes to the company at over six years' purchase, about twice its value, in our opinion. The issue may be left alone with advantage.

The Grosvenor Dairies, Limited, appears from a prospectus which has reached us within the last two days to be still trying to raise £75,000 in preference and ordinary shares. We should have thought the thing had hung fire so long that even the promoters would have given it up. The prospectus contains the very objectionable clause about the directors reserving to themselves the right to commence trading with a smaller number of businesses than those set out in the contract of sale, and, with visions of Metropolitan and Provincial Stores before our eyes, we earnestly counsel our readers to have nothing to do with this concern.

Yonde's Billposting, Limited, is a bold enterprise. With a capital of £2,250,000, divided into 1,000,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each, 1,230,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 20,000 deferred shares, it proposes to practically secure a monopoly of the billposting business of the country. It acquires 157 established billposting businesses already certified to be earning £100,000 per annum, as well as some few others for which certificates are not put in. Then it also takes over the business of Messrs. David Allen and Sons, the profits of which exceed £20,000 per annum. Estimates of additional revenue consequent upon saving in working expenses and upon increased charges to be obtained bring the total estimated profit on the whole business to over a quarter of a million sterling, sufficient to pay the 6 per cent. on the preference shares, 10 per cent. on the ordinary, and leave a balance of £70,000.

Saturday, Dec. 18, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GLASGOW.—We have returned your papers. The solicitor says that you had better write it off as a bad debt, for that you will risk more in trying to recover than the money you are out of pocket at present. We agree with him. In our opinion, both the companies mentioned in your letter are bad eggs, especially the second, which comes from one of the worst gangs in the City.

C. C. W.—The first company mentioned by you is a *bona-fide* concern, but the ore is poor; as to the other, we have no special information. Neither would strike us as especially good to buy.

A CONSTANT READER.—Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name.

OYLE.—Certainly not. If you deal with the people mentioned in your letter, it will be a case of "a fool and his money soon parted."

W. T. M.—We think very well of the shares in question. The price is about par.

O. J. P.—We have nothing to add to what we have said in this and last week's Notes about Dunlops.

METAL.—The copper position looks very healthy. The demand seems to be exceeding the supply, and the price more likely to harden than to go worse.

NEDGOF (1 and 2) We cannot see any such rise as you suggest in either of the Railway stocks you name. (3) If promotions and new companies continue to come along at the present rate, the paper is sure to do well, and the shares may even go higher. We will answer your question as to dividend next week. (4) On merits, "Yes," but the West Australian market is in a very quiet state. Until the public take to buying there is not much reason to expect a rise.